

The Australian WOMEN'S

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WEEKLY

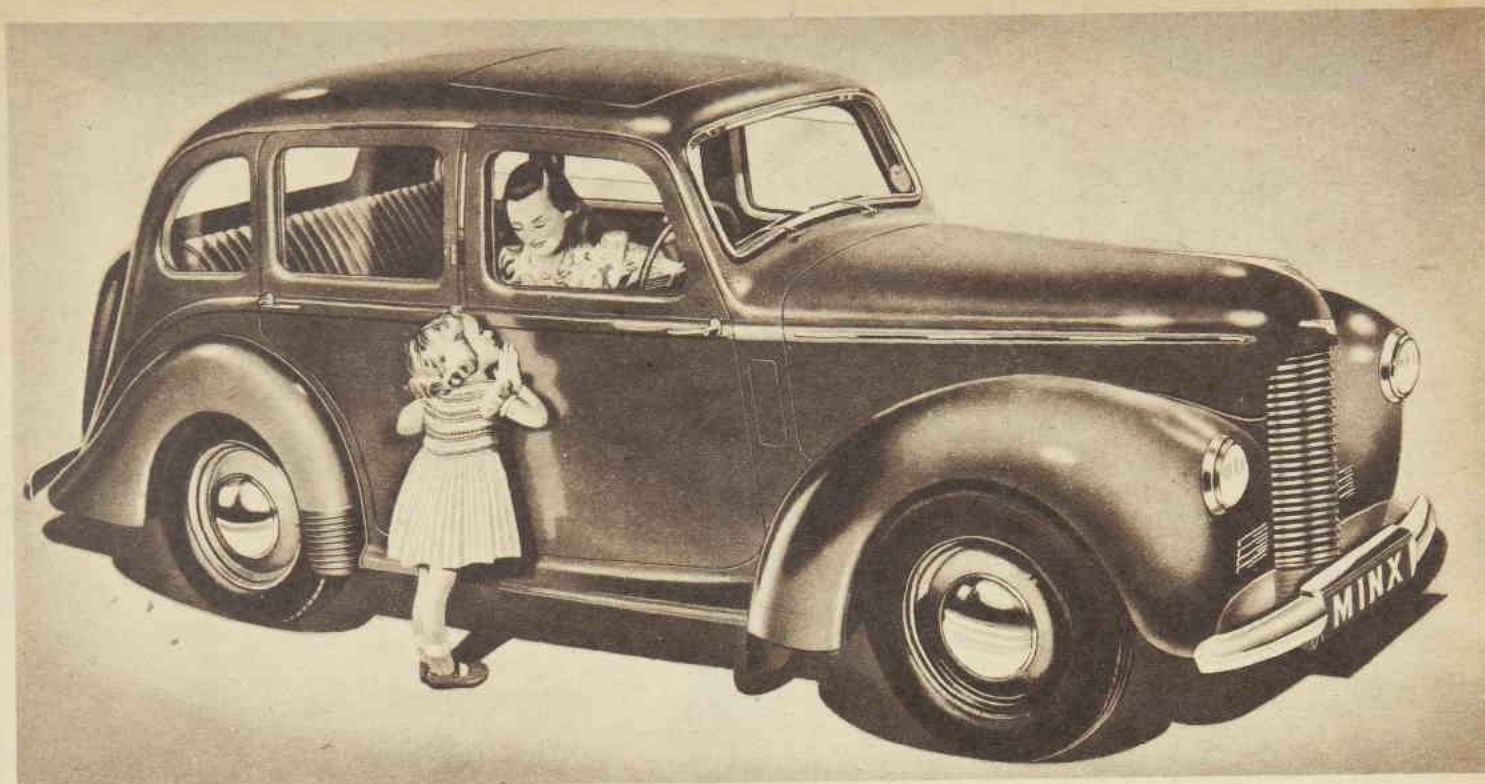
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

JULY 3, 1948

PRICE

4d.





CONTINUING 16 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP... THE

Magnificent new Minx!



WITH SYNCHROMATIC FINGER-TIP GEAR CHANGE
in conjunction with
new fully proved, 4-speed smooth action crash-proof Synchromesh Gearbox

Distinguished new appearance
Lockheed hydraulic 2 leading shoe brakes
Everything—bonnet, interior, luggage—
under lock and key
Exceptional enclosed luggage accom-
modation
Long beam sealed reflector headlamps
Powered by the famous fully proved
Hillman Minx engine
Attractive strong vee-section bumpers at
front and rear
Easi-clean disc wheels

Highly attractive interior design with stylish
facia panel in jeweltescent grey
New 3-spoke spring steering wheel provides
clear view of instrument panel
Easi-lift safety bonnet locked from inside
car
Wide arc safety vision dual screen wipers
with single master control
Quick action positive location, 4 corner
jacking system
Driving seat fully adjustable for height and
leg room

*Plus the reliability, performance, economy and comfort resulting
from 16 years' continuous development*

HILLMAN MINX

A car with a great past... and a great future

DISTRIBUTORS:

Queensland:
JOHN McGRATH MOTORS (PTY.) LTD.,
324 Wickham St., The Valley, BRISBANE.
Telephone L1817.

South Australia:
FLINDERS MOTORS LTD.,
62 Currie St., ADELAIDE.
Telephone Central 6660.

New South Wales:
JOHN McGRATH MOTORS (PTY.) LTD.,
Head Office and Showrooms:
252 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.
Telephone MA6838.

Western Australia:
SKIPPER BAILEY MOTOR CO., LTD.,
900 Hay St., PERTH.
Telephone 87174.

Victoria:
NEAL'S MOTORS PTY. LTD.,
222 Exhibition St., MELBOURNE.
Telephone Central 7550.

Tasmania:
D. L. HOLLIS MOTORS PTY. LTD.,
Cnr. York & St. John Sts., LAUNCESTON.
Telephone 1676.

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



GOLF IS A GAME

"Congratulations—to you and your father," Anne said sweetly, but there was a strange glint in her eyes.

IT had been quite a day, all right. They said the reception coming up Lower Broadway was a record. Then at City Hall the mayor had made a speech and given me a scroll. Now the official dinner at the Waldorf was almost over. They had brought in a huge cake. On top was the figure of a golfer, supposed to be me. He was swinging a club and I couldn't help noticing that the pastrycook had made the mistake of having the left arm of the figure bent. This seemed very funny to me and to Father. I had just returned from England with the British Amateur and British Open in my pocket; I hadn't won those titles by bending my left arm in the middle of my drive.

Anyhow, everyone had a piece of the cake and then the speeches began. Bobby Jones had come up from Atlanta for the dinner and he said a lot of nice things. Walter Hagen, looking as young as when he had won his last British Open in 1929, made a speech, too; and then they called on me. I just thanked everyone for being so kind and said that I had been very lucky, and that it was all due to my father. Then Father got up and they certainly raised the roof. They all loved him. I was as proud of him as he seemed to be of me.

Father was sixty, but he looked much younger. He was a man who took care of himself. Rain or shine he played his eighteen holes every day.

"This dinner is not in honor of Ronald Reeves, sen.," Father began. "It is to honor Ronald Reeves, jun., the world's greatest golfer." I squirmed a little at that, but everyone applauded.

"There are those who say that Ronnie was born with a silver spoon

in his mouth," Father went on. "Well, they are right. But he has used the spoon to good advantage, especially during those seventy-two holes at St. Andrews."

They laughed at that. It was the kind of joke that only golfers would laugh at, but these men (all eight hundred of them) were all golfers. I didn't laugh much, because when he mentioned St. Andrews that naturally made me think of Anne Jarvis, and something like a needle scratched across my brain, and for a moment I closed my eyes tight to shut out the pain. My father was telling of how he had dedicated my life to golf since the day I was born.

It went on and on, and I kept my hands clenched, thinking of Anne Jarvis and of the careless way she brushed her hair back with her hand and of how sometimes she laughed with her eyes alone, and of her soft voice. I wished Father would hurry. I wanted to be alone. Well, Father finally drew to a close.

"For twenty-six years I have had but one ambition," Father said. "I wanted Ronnie to be the champion I never was. He has become that champion. When Ronnie sank that last putt at St. Andrews to win the British Open—well, that was the happiest day of my life. And I know it was the happiest day of Ronnie's life."

Father sat down and the applause rolled over the speakers' table. There were cheers, and dozens of men came up and shook my hand and then finally I managed to say, "Father, I'm licked. I'm going to bed." Then I ran. I ran to an elevator and then I was alone in our suite. The morning papers were already there, with pictures of me on their front pages.

I took off my coat and my tie and sat down in the most expensive and luxurious suite the Waldorf had to offer, and told myself I was the luckiest guy in the world, and then I called myself a liar.

I heard myself saying miserably, "I don't understand, Anne. I just don't understand. What have I done?" Then from a long way off I could hear Anne laughing, but very gently, and I heard her voice saying again, "Nothing, Ronnie boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

I met Anne two days after Father and I had landed in London. We

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

were staying at Claridges. The phone rang and a girl's voice said, "This is Anne Jarvis, of the Daily Express. I've been assigned to do a feature article about you, Mr. Reeves. Could I see you?"

"We're in 806, 807, and 808," I said. "Please come up."

Two minutes later there was a knock on the door. I opened it and Anne Jarvis walked into my life. Anne had big soft eyes and that creamy complexion that only English girls seem to have. She smiled amiably and said, "You're kind to see me, Mr. Reeves."

"Sure, come in, sit down," I said. "I know this is a bore for you. You are always being interviewed. But my editor is a big hands-across-the-sea boy. He thinks golfers and tennis players are ambassadors of goodwill or something. So I have to write a story about you."

"I hope it won't be too much trouble," I said stiffly.

"Actually, no, I mean, it won't be much trouble," She sat down. "I mean, I've looked up the clippings

on you and I know all the factual stuff. So if you'll just say a few bright things I can tag on, why, I'm all set."

"Would you like some tea?" I asked.

"Not really. What is that I see over there?"

I followed her glance. It was directed towards a bar Father had set up in one corner of the living-room. I don't mean that Father was a great drinker, but he was gregarious and he was a good host. I walked to the bar.

"I guess there's about everything here," I said almost apologetically. "Would you like a drink?"

"I would indeed," Anne Jarvis said, smiling. "I see a bottle of twelve-year-old Scotch. That's something you never see in London any more."

"Father brought all this from home," I told her.

"So that's where our good whisky goes," she said. "A fine thing. May I have a glass of it?"

"A glass of it?" I said, startled. Her eyes widened. "Yes, please. I don't mean a big glass. And with some water, please. Not too much."

I fixed her a drink and poured a glass of tonic water for myself. I then sat beside her on the couch.

"Are you making me drink alone?" she asked.

I was a little embarrassed. "Well, you know how it is. The Amateur is only a week away. Golf and drinking don't mix."

"Really now, Mr. Reeves, where did you get that quaint notion? Golf is a game born and bred in Scotland. And I am sure every Scotsman is born with a golf club in one hand and a drachm of whisky in the other. I know my father was."

"Tournament golf is tough," I reminded her. "Especially match play. Two weeks from now I'll have to wade through a field of some hundred or so golfers. I couldn't do it on Scotch."

She looked at me, I felt, a bit mockingly.

"Let's get the interview over with," she said, taking out a paper and a pencil. "You're the son of the ever-so-rich Ronald Reeves of Ronald Reeves and Company, investment bankers, Right?"

"Right," I said.

"He trained you from boyhood to be a golf champion. You won the intercollegiate title twice while you were at Harvard. When you were twenty-one you won the United States Amateur and you've won it three times. This year you won the United States Amateur and the United States Open championships—the first time any golfer has done this since the days of Bobby Jones. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"Well"—she smiled—"that takes care of the unimportant details. Now let's get down to something more important."

"I can't think of anything more important than winning America's two major golf titles," I said, annoyed.

She laughed. "You're sweet," she said, and then she stopped laughing and a funny look came into her eyes. "But—you meant that, didn't you? And I thought you were kidding. You actually meant it."

"Yes, I meant it," I was puzzled at her attitude.

"You're twenty-six, aren't you?" she said quietly.

I nodded.

"What do you do?" she asked curiously.

"I play golf," I said. "Tournament golf is—well, it's a full-time job."

"You don't earn a living?" There was an incredulous note in her voice.

"My grandfather attended to that about eighty years ago. And Father carried on. It would seem rather silly for me to go out and make money when Father has more than he and I can ever spend."

Please turn to page 4

WHERE QANTAS FLIES

Australia's International Airline provides complete modern facilities for Air Travel, Air Mail and Air Cargo.



- SYDNEY—LONDON via Singapore, India, Egypt. Two Routes by "Kangaroo" Service at the same fare. By Constellation, by Flying Boat, (with B.O.A.C.).
- SYDNEY—NEW GUINEA Bird of Paradise Service by D.C.3 Airliner. Sydney—Northern Queensland Airports—New Guinea—Rabaul.
- INLAND SERVICES Brisbane—Western Queensland Airports, Darwin, by Douglas Airliner.
- ISLAND SERVICES Sydney—Norfolk Island, Sydney—Nooumea—Suva—Vila—Espiritu Santo, Sydney—Lord Howe Island.
- SYDNEY, AUCKLAND Trans—Tasman Service (with T.E.A.L.).

Full details from leading travel agents or

Q.E.A. and B.O.A.C.
QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS in parallel with
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

H.M.V. introduces the Electrogram

Model EG.48,
29 gns. or by
Hire Purchase.



An entirely self-contained record player for use wherever there is a power point, designed especially by "H.M.V." for those who prefer to choose their own entertainment from the great world of recorded music. Equipped with the new "H.M.V." Hypersensitive Lightweight Pick-up, the Electrogram will reproduce your records—orchestral or vocal, modern or classical, with the balance, tonal-range and fidelity for which "H.M.V." has long been famous.

Your accredited "H.M.V." Radio or Record Retailer will gladly demonstrate the Electrogram.

★

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LTD. (Inc. in England), HOMEHURST, N.S.W.

Golf is a Game

Continued from page 3

JUST then Father walked in. He had heard my last remark. I introduced him to Anne Jarvis and he turned on his charm.

Within two minutes she was laughing at Father's jokes and having another drink.

"It's about seven," Father said. "Why not have dinner up here with us, Miss Jarvis? I've already ordered it. All they have to do is to set the table for three instead of two."

"Well—I ought to be—" she hesitated.

"Please," I butted in, a little panicky. "How can you write a story about a man you've never dined with? And we can promise you a very good dinner, can't we, Father?"

"I won't take no for an answer," Father said firmly, reaching for the phone. And that's how I happened to get to know Anne Jarvis better.

The fact that she was beautiful didn't excite me. I was accustomed to beautiful girls. Anne had more than beauty. She had a quick intelligence. Her face was never in repose; it reflected everything that she was thinking. I think she was more alive than anyone I have ever known.

Anne and Father discussed every subject under the sun except golf.

"It's so refreshing," Anne said, laughing up at Father, "to find a person with whom you haven't a thing in common."

"I agree," Father laughed. "But that is the first thing we have agreed on."

The waiter announced dinner then, so we went into the dining-room. Anne blinked when she saw a dozen oysters on the plate in front of her.

"They're so large," she said, looking at Father.

"Larger than your Colchesters," he laughed. "Had them flown over."

"Don't you like oysters, Ronnie?" Anne said, looking at me. I didn't miss the "Ronnie." That, I liked.

"Oysters aren't on Ronnie's diet right now," Father said.

"What in heaven's name is that?" Anne pointed to my glass.

Father said, "An idea of mine, I've been having Ronnie drink that for some time now. It's a combination of vegetable juices."

"Looks frightening," she said, making a face.

"It isn't bad," I told her, but I must say I looked a bit enviously at the oysters she and Father were eating.

"To play big-time golf," Father told her, "you've got to be in the same condition as a Derby winner. I've always supervised Ronnie's training myself."

The waiter brought in the main course. It was a beautiful steak. Anne's eyes lighted up in wonder.

"I knew the Claridge was good," Anne said, "but not this good. I haven't seen a steak like this since before the war."

"Try it, try it," Father laughed.

"You could cut it with a spoon," she breathed. We ate happily for a few moments.

"Lima beans—corn—cauliflower..." Anne looked at Father the way a child would have looked at a magician who had just brought a rabbit out of a hat. "And this steak, Mr. Reeves, where in England did you find all this?"

"No steak like that in England, Miss Jarvis," Father smiled. "That's Black Angus beef from my own ranch in New Mexico. As a matter of fact, I had all this food flown over. It's a simple matter these days to fix up your plane with a deep freeze. I flew over enough beef and vegetables to take care of us and our guests all summer. You can't win golf titles on your English rations, you know."

Anne was quiet for a moment. "I guess not," she said thoughtfully. She looked down at her steak. "I'm eating a week's rations for a family of five."

"I wish we could give a steak like this to every family in London," Father said heartily, and he meant it.

"The miners come home out of the pits to a meal of thin soup, a bit of fish, and some weak tea." It was as though Anne were talking to herself.

"But that isn't our fault, my dear," Father said gently. "Finish your steak."

"I've had enough," she said in a small voice, pushing her plate away. "Tell me, has Ronnie a good chance to win the Amateur?"

We talked golf then, politely but without much interest. Suddenly Anne Jarvis was a remote stranger. She didn't want any dessert, and was listening absently to Father's explanation of my dessert, which he said was the best-known digestive.

That's when Anne stood up, and to my surprise I noticed two angry red spots on her cheeks.

"Will you stop talking about Ronnie as though he were a prize bull or a stud horse!" She bit her lip. "Ronnie might be a useful member of society if you'd only give him a chance."

"My dear, my dear," Father said, obviously distressed. But it was too late. She had run into the living-room and we heard the slam of the door. I looked helplessly at Father.

"I can't explain it, son," Father shook his head sadly. "I never can understand women. That's why I never remarried after your mother's death. Golf, finance, politics—those I know. Women? No. Well—he put the whole subject of women out of his mind—I've hired Archie Parks to work with you this next week. They tell me he knows the Sandwich course better than any man alive."

"I can't figure why she ran out like that," I said.

"Let's get our mind on golf, Ronnie," Father said, looking at me sharply. "It's what we came over here for..."

We left for Sandwich the next morning. I liked the way the course was trapped. I went round with Parks and learned the tricks the wind played. Father and I discussed the topography of every hole with Parks. I grabbed the "Daily Express" every morning, but there was no story about me. Not by Anne Jarvis. I couldn't figure it out. However, this was no time to worry. I breezed through the early rounds of the Amateur easily enough.

They gave us a dinner that night in the clubhouse, and I was surprised to see Anne there. She was sitting with Sam Goodwin, a well-known English amateur. Anne seemed glad to see me. She introduced me to Goodwin.

"What are you doing here, Anne?" I asked rather stupidly.

"I came to watch the animals perform," she laughed. "And also to write a story about the social side of the tournament."

"Jarvie doesn't have a very high opinion of golfers," Goodwin said.

"The trouble is, I think of golf as a game," Anne said, "not as a vocation."

"What happened to the story you were going to do on me?" I asked in what I tried to make a kidding manner.

Anne's eyes opened wide. "I only write light, amusing stories. I don't go in for tragedy, Ronnie."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Have a drink, Ronnie," Sam Goodwin laughed. "Pay no attention to this Fleet Street bundle."

"I—I'll have a glass of sherry," I said. I didn't think one drink would hurt me.

"Golf and drinking don't mix, Ronnie," Anne said with mock seriousness.

"If you don't behave I'll fix you the next time you're in my chair," Goodwin said, laying his flat against Anne's chin.

"Sam is a dentist," Anne smiled toward me.

"You're a dentist?" I looked at the slender, casual-mannered English golfer in amazement. "And you carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth?"

"Bud was way off," Goodwin laughed. "I'm only a week-end golfer, Ronnie. I just got lucky on those first three rounds."

"If you could only work on your game seriously," I told him, "you'd be chasing all of us home. You've got everything but the accuracy that comes with constant practice."

"Maybe you're right," Goodwin said carelessly, then, turning to Anne, he said: "Jarvie, my pet, if we're driving back to London we'd better get started," and Anne prepared to go.

Goodwin shook hands and grinned. "Knock 'em dead at St. Andrews, Champ," he said. "Look out for that eighth hole. It's a killer."

"I'll see you there, Ronnie," Anne said. "The paper is sending me."

"Would you have dinner with me the night the tournament ends?" I asked Anne. It seemed as though a lot depended on her answer.

"Of course I will," Anne said, her eyes soft.

There were one hundred and sixty of the world's greatest golfers entered at St. Andrews. Because I'd won the three big tournaments of the year, there was a lot of attention centred on me.

"This course isn't so tough," I told Father as we drove back to the house after I finished my first round.

"That's because you've been playing it all your life," Father said.

"I never saw the course until two weeks ago," I said, puzzled.

Father smiled. "But I saw it forty years ago," he said. "And I played it fifty times and learned to know the course and to know what strokes a man needed to beat it. Every bit of training and coaching I've ever given you has been aimed toward beating St. Andrews."

"Do you suppose I'm going to win this one, Father?" I asked a bit anxiously.

"Yes, you're going to win it," Father said casually, "with a score around 286."

"But, Father, that's... let me see... six strokes under scratch. No one beats par that badly here."

"No one," Father said dryly, "has been practising and working all his life to do just that."

"Well, if you say so—"

"I do say so," Father said. And then he added, "After you've won it I think you should have a long rest. Ronnie, I think it's time you started thinking of getting married. Have you anyone in mind?"

"No, Father; that is—not really." I was startled. Father had never talked like this to me before.

"You say 'Not really.' That means you've been thinking a little bit about it. You—you rather like that Anne Jarvis, don't you, son?" Father smiled knowingly.

"I've only seen her twice, Father." I was embarrassed. "I like her, yes. She's all right."

"Yes, she is all right," Father said. "Comes of a very fine family. Her father, you know, is Lord Haverfield. His brother was Arthur Christensen, who came fairly close in the 1923 British Amateur."

"Where did you learn all this, Father?"

Please turn to page 10

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

By
MARJORIE
KINNAN
RAWLINGS

ARRIVING at a settlement in beautiful mountain country after days of aimless driving, HELEN JACKSON, pianist and composer, rents a furnished cottage from WILLIE B. WILLIEGOODE, local storekeeper. She feels that here she can find relief from the frantic grief caused by the death of her aviator husband, followed soon after by the loss of her twelve-year-old son HANK in an aeroplane crash. Their collie, JOCK, is with her.

Memory has a painful fold when twelve-year-old JERRY offers to work for her. He is very like her son, and despite her efforts to rebuff him she finds herself being won by his engaging charm.

Surprising herself, she gives him permission to take Jock out for a run, then, inspired by a tune he has played on his mouth organ, she begins working on a new composition, calling it "Mountain Prelude."

Now read on.

UP the mountain, the boy and the dog were having a grand romp. They played with the ball, they played tag through the dense laurel and rhododendron, they ran in circles in the open field where the first daisies were in bloom.

They played until Jerry was pink-cheeked and out of breath, and Jock was panting, his tongue lolling.

Jerry dropped down to rest on a flat granite boulder and took out his mouth organ. He wiped and polished it with his ragged shirt-tail. He played "Turkey in the Straw" and "Little Brown Jug," patting one bare foot in time with the lively tunes.

Jock lay at his feet in satisfied adoration. The black curtains had rolled away. He had found his love again.

Jerry lay back on the rock and stretched his arms wide. The friendly sun beat down on him. Jock got up to nose at a grasshopper. It catapulted away and he snapped playfully after it.

An odd movement in the thick grass caught his eye. He moved towards it and barked with excitement. A strange thing, like an animated ribbon, with a flat, triangular head and hard, beady eyes, a thing he had never seen or dreamed of, slithered towards him.

In the delight, he took it for a new toy and barked again. Jerry raised himself to look.

He yelled, "Back, Jock! Back, sir!"

As he jumped, he swept up a handful of dirt and pebbles and flung them at the copperhead's nose. The snake struck wildly, first towards the dog, then towards the boy. There was no stone near of suitable size, only pebbles and the great, half-buried monoliths of granite.

He whipped off his belt and flailed the snake with it, trying to make the most of the metal buckle. At moments the snake's fangs missed him by a fraction of an inch.

At last one direct blow with the buckle caught the evil head squarely, and the boy finished the kill.

He dropped to his knees and put his arms around the dog's neck. He brushed his sweating forehead against the thick fur. He was shaking. He stood up and spoke sternly. "I got to learn you," he said.

Jerry lifted the belt and pointed to the dead copperhead.

"No!" he said firmly. "No!" and brought down the belt, feather-light, across Jock's back. "No! No! No!"

He picked up the snake by the tail and threw it down in front of the dog. Jock had absorbed the lesson instantly. He turned and slunk away. Jerry overtook him and stroked him in approval.



"That's a good feller. That's the idee."

He explained the situation solemnly as they walked slowly towards the cottage, a chastened pair.

"That there was a copperhead. They don't give you no warnin' a-tall. Strike you quick as they see you. Just to be safe, don't you never go near no snake of any kind."

The cottage was in sight. He halted, and Jock stopped with him. "Supposin' I was havin' to go to her now and tell her you was lyin' dead on the mountain? I'd heap ruther of died myself." He puckered his forehead in thought.

"Jock, I don't aim to tell her. It'd fret her bad. Seems like she's worried, anyways. So don't you tell her, neither. Hear me?"

Jock nuzzled his hand. He understood that with this boy he was safe. Safe, and as happy as he had ever been in his short dog's life.

Jerry heard the piano before he reached the cabin. His anxious face brightened.

"Sounds sorta like my piece, don't it?"

He crept to the side of the house and listened raptly. He took his mouth organ from his pocket and lifted it to his lips, then replaced it. "I ain't got the stummick for blowin'," he whispered to Jock. "I been too scairt."

He opened the back door for Jock to go in, and closed it without a sound. He noticed a loose flagstone in the path, and set it properly in place. He slipped away over the mountain to the place he called his home.

Down in the valley, church bells were pealing. The sexton was ringing for all he was worth. There seemed to be two bells, for one note rang out a full tone above the other.

The sounds filled the valley as though a fountain filled slowly with crystal water, then sprayed into the higher air. The sounds were sweet and faintly sorrowful.

Helen Jackson said, "Sunday."

She listened closely, smiling, then went to the piano and repeated the notes. She picked up her manuscript and made a notation.

"Of course, Church bells from far down in the valley. It wouldn't

be a 'Mountain Prelude' without them!"

She went to the window and listened again.

"They'll have to be used in the background, very subtly. Very faint."

The bells died away, and their echoes reverberated around the valley and against the ring of mountains. Another sound took their place. It was the chatter of children.

A long file of children, two by two, was coming down the road from the upper mountain. They were scrubbed until they shone. Their threadbare clothing was plainly their Sunday best, and it was brushed and clean.

At their head walked a plump, middle-aged woman, severely garbed, but with a pleasant face. A thin, cross woman brought up the rear, like some querulous shepherdess.

Helen caught sight of Jerry in the middle of the file. She drew back out of sight.

"So many of them," she whispered. "It can't be one family. Where have they all come from?"

She shut the window hurriedly and turned away, not to see them more closely or to be seen by them, to be greeted by Jerry.

THE small feet scuffled past the house. It seemed to Helen that the children muffled their voices as they went by. Someone had probably told them that she didn't—well didn't like to be bothered. She was disturbed, and unable to return to her composing.

An hour or so later, as the bells rang again for church, Sunday school hour over, she heard the children coming back again. They had been freed from the form of the procession, and they ran helter-skelter, laughing, jostling in random groups.

Helen paced up and down, her hands over her ears.

The young noise died away. But as she drew a breath of relief she became aware of voices at the back of the cottage. They were low, but they were certainly the voices of boys.

Helen went impatiently to the back door. Jerry stood by her car with a proprietary air, leaning manfully against the hood. Several boys were examining the car.

She was in time to hear one of

"I'm responsible for the safety of all these children," the woman told Helen stiffly.

them speak jeeringly. "You ain't neither. You'll catch it do she come out now."

They saw her then in the doorway. They stared at her in panic. Jerry ran to her.

"Tell 'em it's true, Mis' Jackson," he begged.

"What is true, Jerry?" she asked coldly.

"They don't believe you're my friend. Tell 'em."

His anxiety was tragic. The faces of the other boys were wary, sceptical. It was impossible to fall him. She put an arm across his shoulders.

She said, "Of course I am your friend. And you are mine."

His smile held not triumph, but salvation.

Jock discovered his presence and bounded to him. He reared up and put his paws on Jerry's flat chest.

Helen said, "And Jock is his friend, too."

An older lad mumbled, "We didn't know. Just didn't seem likely."

The boy's eyes turned furtively to the handsome car. She understood. She said quickly, "And I'm going to take Jerry for a ride in the car. To-day. In fact, right now."

They murmured in awe, "Gosh-a-mighty," and like young deer scurried away. Jerry's face shone like the sun.

Helen said, "I'd have asked them, too, if they'd waited. I'll take them some other time."

He nodded. He said solemnly, "It'll be nice, just you and me and Jock together, the first time. Like a family."

She said, "You're sure it's all right for you to be away from home for a little while? We won't go far."

"Oh, yessum. We can do what we please after Sunday school. Long as we're washed up in time for Sunday dinner."

"Jerry," she asked, "all those other children—where do they live?"

He did not hear her. He had dashed to the car and opened the door and seated himself. He held the door open for Jock.

"Now, I'll sit in the middle, next to her," he said to the dog. "You'll want the outside, to see things, anyway."

Helen laughed. "The car won't

start without a key, you know," she said. She went into the cottage for her purse and keys, and threw on a warm, hooded coat.

Jerry watched in fascination as she turned the key in the ignition and stepped on the starter.

"Mebbe you'll explain to me how it works," he said earnestly. "Mebbe someday you'll let me steer, Mebbe someday—and he looked close into her face—"you'll let me drive it. Mebbe someday."

"Maybe some day," she agreed. "Which way shall we go?"

"Up the hill," he begged. "Oh, please. I want ever'body to see us."

"Up the hill," she said ruefully. "I call this a mountain."

"It flattens out when you get to the top," he assured her.

He was in a state of utter bliss. Close to the adored Miss Lady, as he thought of her, one arm round the beloved Jock, their closeness publicly acknowledged, he leaned back and felt the early summer air in his face and, for a moment, would ask no more of life.

To Helen, the road seemed dangerously steep. Before they reached the crest, they passed another cottage, almost as pleasant as hers. The windows were covered with storm shutters. It had plainly been unoccupied for a long time, for weeds and wildflowers grew rankly round it.

The mountain did indeed level off and become a plateau. Another range of mountains was visible, as she stopped to take in the new view. The road started on a down grade.

Helen said, "It doesn't look a bit different on this side," and she sang. "The bear went over the mountain, the bear went over the mountain, the bear went over the mountain—"

Jerry chimed in lustily with her, his voice clear and sweet. "To see what he could see! But the other side of the mountain, the other side of the mountain—" Helen held up a finger for a dramatic pause, and then sang a tenor as they finished together—"was all that he cou-u-uld see-e-e-e!"

They laughed together, and he wriggled like an eel in his delight.

Please turn to page 13

Having rolled up our sleeves



and put our shoulders to the wheel



Things are now beginning to move



As a result of going "full steam ahead" and "putting our backs into it," production of "Viyella" and "Clydella" is gradually increasing, but it will be a little while before you can buy them with the same freedom as of old. We hope that soon your patience and our own efforts will be rewarded by more abundant supplies of the world's most wonderful fabric.

Viyella

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.
BOX 3335, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CV 15 FP

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 3, 1948



Glory without Guns

By A. G. BROOKES



AWAY astern, blotted out by the mist, were the old white cliffs that the frigate would never see again. H.M.S.K. 134—or, now that the war was history, H.M.S. Pontifex—was on her last voyage.

On her bridge the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commander George Hall, braced himself against the rail and, raising his binoculars, looked astern, away into the Channel haze.

From under the hood of his duffel-coat the first lieutenant glanced at his commanding officer, and then, as though he had seen something he was not meant to see, he turned quickly away. The captain was taking a last look, not, as the first lieutenant knew, for himself, but for his ship.

George Hall lowered his glasses and let them hang by the strap round his neck. It was useless to look any more. Turning, he gazed ahead, and, taking off his cap, let the wind blow through his fair hair. He looked young for command, but there was a ring of authority in his voice that comes only from responsibility and self-confidence.

"Well," he said, turning to the first lieutenant, "that's that."

The remark was not profound, but they had sailed together for three years—three body-and-soul-racking years of fighting subs, and the old Atlantic, and the first lieutenant understood. H.M.S. Pontifex had been a proud little fighting ship. But now she was worn and very tired, and her paint was grimy and her hull streaked with rust. And all her shining guns were gone. She was no longer a fighting ship, but a poor old lady bound for the scrap-heap.

The first lieutenant touched the bridge rail with an affectionate tap of his fingers. "You know, sir, it reminds me of leaving school. Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing..." He grinned self-consciously; it hadn't been so long ago when he was singing that hymn himself!

But George Hall did not smile. "Leaving school" was right—leaving without graduating—without a chance.

It was an unpleasant business turning over your first command to the scrap-heap, but it was one of those after-the-war jobs that somebody had to do. It would have been more fitting to have left the Pontifex on that last voyage after V-J-Day, trim and neat in a new coat of paint and with a full complement of officers and men. More fitting, perhaps, but he wasn't going to leave her to someone who didn't know and didn't care. He shivered a little in the raw winter wind.

"Lucky if we get there at all," he said gruffly, "with a skeleton crew and two boilers. Did you see the weather report?"

The first lieutenant nodded. "Yes, looks as though we'll run right into it. Well, she's used to dirty weather." He laughed a little bitterly. "It's about all she ever has had."

"I'm going to turn in, David. We've no butter and no guns and nothing to worry about—much. Have me called at six bells unless the weather gets bad." George Hall turned and climbed down the ladder to his cabin, throwing off his heavy coat. Pretty good to be able to turn in in pyjamas again, and to know that no sudden alarm gong would blast sleep away in a mad rush to action stations. And yet, not all good, for there had always been the hope that this time they really would get a

sub. Only somehow the Pontifex never had any luck. She had shepherded innumerable convoys across, but it had always been some other ship that had got the subs. Long years of filthy weather and hard work and nothing to show for it. Nothing tangible, anyway.

The first lieutenant was hanging on to the bridge rail and swearing softly to himself. For days it had been blowing great guns. He braced himself as the ship lifted to an enormous wave.

But the Pontifex was game. Time and again her decks were swept fore and aft and still she kept going. The first lieutenant thought of the poor devils in the engine-room, short-handed and hardly able to keep their feet, let alone tend the engines. He wondered if the captain would leave her to—it was getting pretty bad, and they were down to five knots.

As though in answer to his thoughts, George Hall staggered on to the bridge, and, cupping his hands, yelled against the wind.

"I'm going to heave to, David. Tell the chief engineer..." his words were drowned in a roar of water as a wave broke high over the side and came thundering down on deck. The ship shuddered and George Hall clenched his hands. A messenger handed him a signal pad. He glanced at it, and, beckoning the first lieutenant to follow him, he hurried into the comparative haven of the chartroom.

"Look!"

The first lieutenant read the message aloud: "All ships: S.O.S. Numbers two and three holds flooded and pumps unable to cope. Afraid that engine-room bulkhead will not last much longer. Have two hundred troops aboard. All boats washed away and situation grave. Position 41 10deg. N, 65 42deg. W. Master, S.S. Coulton."

The first lieutenant stopped reading and pursed his lips in a soundless whistle. "The old Coulton!"

"Yes. Get her position down on the chart and let's see where she is."

They knew the Coulton from convoy days. The American ship that had made voyage after voyage and carried thousands of troops despite her 20 years of age. The old ship and her captain, who had been in her since the day she was launched, were almost a legend.

Quickly the first lieutenant plotted her position and measured the distance from the Pontifex.

"Thirty miles, sir. Right on our course."

George Hall braced himself against the table and reached for a pencil.

"It'll take us about seven hours to reach her at this rate." He scribbled a message on the signal pad. "Send this down to the radio room, David; we're going to the rescue!" He glanced at the barometer. It was still low, but had not dropped much in the past two hours. He looked at the clock on the bulkhead.

"David, it's four bells now. With luck we should be able to reach her by 1900 if the weather doesn't get any worse—and I don't think it will. If the Coulton can hold out until daylight the sea will probably have gone down a bit, and I'll keep shoving Pontifex alongside until we

have taken them all off. We'll have to take a time, for it'll be impossible to hold her alongside, and they'll have to jump for it. It's taking a big chance, and we're bound to smash things up, but there's no other way. You'd better have collision mats ready." He opened the chartroom door and they went out on to the bridge. Ice-cold spray stung his face and ran down his neck. He peered up at the sky where a white blur was showing through the racing scud of cloud.

"Looks hopeful."

"I'll get some oil up and put it down the forward heads, sir. May help a bit."

George Hall nodded. It was easier than trying to yell against the noise of the wind. He stared out to windward. Perhaps it was imagination, but it seemed as though the clouds were breaking up a little. It was madness to try to put a little frigate alongside a freighter in heavy weather, but if anyone could do it he could. The Pontifex was bound to be damaged more or less—probably more—just as long as he didn't sink her. He waited for a lull in the pitching and, slid down the ladder to his cabin. Better let the Admiralty know what he was doing. He scribbled out a signal, thinking of the captain of the Coulton. It was bad enough to lose the Pontifex—after three years he knew every rivet in her! But what must it be like after twenty years in a ship? He signed the message and pressed the bell for a messenger; then he returned to the bridge.

"You go and turn in, David," he said to the first lieutenant. "I'll take the rest of your watch." Wan daylight faded into darkness. The old Pontifex had picked up speed a little, as though she knew what lay ahead. With a feeling of thankfulness the captain realised that she was not pitching quite so heavily. Two hundred troops and probably a hundred crew. Where could they put three hundred men? Well, it had to be done.

"Light ahead, sir!" The lookout

H.M.S. Pontifex had been a proud little fighting ship, but now she was just a tired old lady bound for the scrap heap.

man's voice cut sharply across his thoughts. He grabbed up his night glasses and focused them. As the ship rose to a swell he could see a pinpoint of light. Then gradually he made out a ship, dead in the sea like a waterlogged piece of wood. Through the darkness a signal lamp started to blink, and he waited for his signalman to report. "Says his number two bulkhead's gone, sir, but he thinks he can last till morning."

"Tell him that we'll come alongside at daylight if he can hold out." An answering message came back from the merchant ship. "Coulton to Pontifex. We shall be okay for a while. Thanks, Limey." The signalman sputtered a little as he said the last word, but George Hall only laughed.

For the rest of the night the Pontifex lay off, hove to, while the signal lamps chattered, sending instructions and preparing for the morning.

The first grey streaks of dawn were lighting the horizon when the message came. "Settling fast. Can you come alongside now? Am pumping out oil."

George stood by the helmsman's voice pipe, conning the ship himself. Slowly she gathered way and swung towards the Coulton. In the gathering light they could make out the long lines of khaki-clad figures standing on the deck.

"Slow."

The beat of the engines lessened, and as they moved into the oil-covered water to leeward the seas stopped breaking and the motion of the ship eased. But the swell was still heavy and it would be a miracle if they managed the job without loss of life. Skillfully George eased the Pontifex alongside, closer and closer. She lifted to a swell and there was a crash and a shudder as the two hulls met. He raised his hand in a gesture to the petty-officer stationed at the loud-speaker.

"Now!"

As the order boomed out, a dozen men jumped and landed sprawling on the deck of the frigate. Willing hands picked them up and helped them aft out of the way. The swell passed and the ships fell away. There was a cheer from the men on the Coulton and George Hall waved, wondering as he did so how much punishment the Pontifex could take. Again the two ships crashed together and again men jumped—more this time. One of the soldiers on the merchant ship started to sing:

She kissed me once—she kissed me twice... and the song was taken up by the men in the Pontifex. George smiled grimly and repeated the manoeuvre. A n d again, and again. It was almost noon, and a

watery sun was trying to break through the overcast sky when they took the captain of the Coulton off. She was listing and there was no time to waste. She was shaken and racked from stem to stern and leaking forward. But she had done her job!

"Port a little. Half-speed."

The Pontifex drew away, her decks packed with soldiers and merchant seamen, their faces white and tense. The singing had long since stopped and they watched in helpless silence.

There was a gasp from the men on deck, as a great surge of water swept up and seemed to overwhelm the Coulton's foredeck. Her stern rose up out of the water until the propeller was high above the sea, and they could see her bilge keels straked with weed. A white cloud of steam gushed out from amidships, breaking into long wisps as the wind caught it and flung it away.

Suddenly the main-topmast snapped off short with a crack that cut through the silence.

Slowly and majestically the old

ship slid lower and lower into the water. For a moment a pale shaft of sunlight caught the flag still flying from her stern.

A wheeling gull screamed.

And there was nothing left but troubled oily water.

The thin wall of the bosun's pipe broke the tension. George turned. An elderly man in the uniform of a captain of the U.S. Merchant Marine stood behind him with the first lieutenant. The first lieutenant stepped forward.

"Captain of the Coulton, sir."

For a moment the stranger said nothing. His eyes were fixed on the spot where the Coulton had sunk. Then slowly he turned, his face tired and worn. He saluted George and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Commander."

George took his hand. "Let's go below. I think we could both do with a drink." He turned to the first lieutenant. "Put her back on her course, David, and tell the chief to keep the pumps going. Let me know at once if the water is gaining on us and, oh, send a full report to Admiralty right away."

In his cabin George poured out two stiff drinks and handed one to the captain of the Coulton. The old man drank it down at a gulp.

"Commander, that was one of the finest bits of seamanship I've seen in a lifetime at sea. You know your ship... I... I hope you never lose her."

George Hall hesitated. "I know," he began, "just how..." he stopped—what was there in telling him that he was going to lose his ship to a junk dealer?—just how the Coulton must have carried 10,000 troops across in the past four years. She's won her laurels, Captain." He poured out another drink. The Coulton was gone—but she had graduated.

A rosy dawn was lighting the New England coast when the Pontifex, battered and leaking, and looking more like a submarine awash than a frigate, crept up to the Boston pilot vessel.

As George wearily turned to greet the pilot a telegraphist handed him a message.

"Cap," said the pilot as he shook hands, "you sure put your ship on the front pages." He gestured toward the city. "Boston's got a real welcome waiting for you—and it ain't no tea party!"

But George Hall hardly heard. Weariness had gone from his face, and he stood up straight and proud, staring at the message he held. He called to the first lieutenant and grinned happily as he read aloud:

"From Admiralty repeated to all ships: Well done Pontifex."

(Copyright)



Flawless

Designed and built in the true Astor tradition of excellence, this world-range Radiogram with Fully Automatic Record Changer, represents the ultimate in home entertainment. Cabinet of contemporary design is executed in richly figured walnut . . . £85.



** Because of unprecedented demand immediate delivery may not be possible . . . Your Astor retailer will gladly arrange to have your name placed on the priority list.*

RADIO CORPORATION PTY. LTD. — DIVISION OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

JUST DROP IN ANY TIME

By ...
**FLORENCE
FORD**

**Complete
Short Story**



ONE Friday night Peggy Bronson dreamed that she told her husband's family what she thought of them. She had called his sister Carlotta a spoiled brat, told his sister Gertrude that her precious little George needed a good spanking.

She said that Grandma Prentiss ate too much, and she even told Mother Bronson that a mother-in-law's place was in her own home.

When she woke, Peggy was shocked by this nocturnal debauch. She turned to smile apologetically at the occupant of the other twin bed, but Dick was already up and away, and last night he had worked late again.

"I might as well be single," she muttered, kicking at the bedclothes.

A squeal from across the hall reminded her that at least she was still a mother. Pulling on her gown, she hurried into Joey's room.

"Hush, darling!" she whisked him out of bed. "Aunt Carlotta is sleeping."

"Why does she always have to sleep, mother?"

Just how could you explain to a four-year-old that his beautiful aunt was recuperating from her divorce?

Hastily Peggy got him bathed and dressed, and took him downstairs.

She tumbled into her own clothes and whacked her hair with a brush. What she saw in the mirror left her cold, just as it always did when she had time to look at it.

In depressing contrast to the tall, handsome, well-groomed Bronsons, she was small and slightly rumpled looking, especially at this hour of the morning. But who cared about that—Dick had married her, hadn't he?

She smiled at his picture on her dressing-table. He looked like a Bronson, but he wasn't much like the rest of them.

Peggy went downstairs. In the dining-room Grandma Prentiss, who occupied one of the bedrooms, was at the breakfast table with Joey. She and her little great-grandson made a charming picture as she tenderly scooped up spoonfuls of cereal and put them into his mouth.

The only trouble with the picture was that Joey was four years old.

"Grandma, he's supposed to feed himself!" Peggy protested.

"Nonsense." Grandma scooped up

"Mother!" Peggy gasped. "What a surprise! I was not expecting you so soon."

the last spoonful. Mildred, the maid, removed the cereal and brought Joey's egg.

In the interim Grandma quickly heaped a piece of toast with marmalade and ate it. Grandma had a wonderful appetite. Then she began to feed Joey his egg.

"Where was Dick last night?" Grandma demanded.

Peggy swallowed a sigh with her coffee. "He had to stay at the office. Something about a new personnel director."

"Not very sociable these days, is he?"

"But he can't help that, Grandma. If he has to work—"

"And why does he bring so many papers home with him? Why doesn't he try to organise his work?"

Peggy's coffee cup was banged down on the table beside her, and with acute alarm she noticed that Mildred, her pearl, her treasure, looked very glum this morning. And no wonder!

For a week Mildred had had two extra people to look after.

Grandma wiped Joey's mouth and left the table. He pattered after her. With her mind on Mildred, Peggy's appetite had dwindled. She gulped down her coffee and went upstairs to tackle the bedrooms.

Carlotta was in the bath, her dark hair tied up with a pink ribbon, and she had a cigarette and a magazine.

"Hello, darling." She gave Peggy one of her wide, beautiful smiles. "Did you by any chance bring me a cup of coffee?"

"No," Peggy said, "I brought the scouring powder." She put it on the washstand, hoping Carlotta might take the hint. "Did you and

Paul have fun last night?" she asked politely. Paul was Carlotta's latest beau.

"Not bad. We went to the Chinese Room—" Carlotta paused, a peculiar expression on her face. "Sit down and talk to me," she said.

"This is morning," Peggy said patiently. "I have to go shopping. I have to—"

"Darling, you're always in such a frightful hurry! Sometimes I wonder if you even stop to cold cream your face. Why don't you go to town with me to-day? I saw the loveliest blue satin housecoat—"

"What on earth would I do with a satin housecoat?"

"For heaven's sake! What does

any woman do with a satin housecoat?"

That tone was in Carlotta's voice again, that faintly scornful, irritatingly superior Bronson tone.

There was something very funny about the way Carlotta was looking at her. Almost as if she felt sorry for her.

Breathing hard, Peggy asked, "Are you almost through in here, Carlotta? I want to clean up."

Carlotta smiled. "Just run along, darling. When I'm through I'll clean the place myself," she said.

It sounded fine the way she said it, but it was hard to picture Carlotta, clean and perfumed and wearing that negligee, cleaning up a bathroom.

Seething inwardly, Peggy closed the door. As she passed the telephone, it rang.

"Hello," said a brisk feminine voice. "Is Mrs. Joseph Bronson there?"

"No," Peggy said, "she's away at present."

"What time do you expect her to-day?"

"I don't expect her to-day. She'll be at her own home on Monday."

"There must be some mistake," the voice was annoyed. "I had a card from her—"

It took time to convince the voice that Mother Bronson was not available.

But this was only Saturday, and Mother had said that she would not return till Monday. And even on Monday she wouldn't be in Peggy's house. Or would she? Suddenly Peggy remembered that Mother was once more without a maid, and there were, unfortunately, twin beds in the guest-room Carlotta occupied.

Peggy swallowed hard. Firmly she told herself that this was Dick's family. But she was tired of listening to Bronsons and cleaning up after Bronsons and never having a minute to talk to her husband!

Cautiously she entered the kit-

chen. "What do we need from the grocer to-day, Mildred?" she asked her treasure coaxingly.

"I ain't had time to look. My feet hurt."

It was all too evident that the treasure was nearing the end of her tether. Peggy crept out of the kitchen and compiled her grocery list elsewhere.

An hour later, feeling even more rumpled than usual, Peggy left her purchases in the chill atmosphere of the kitchen and headed for the living-room. And the first thing she

saw was Grandma, hastily wiping Joey's hands.

But Grandma hadn't been quite quick enough—there was still a ring of chocolate around his mouth.

"Grandma, I asked you not to give him sweets before meals!" Peggy said.

Grandma tossed her handsome white head and pulled her skirt over something on the couch beside her. "What did you say? Don't mumble so."

Peggy knew that the skirt concealed Grandma's box of chocolates, or what was left of them. Could this be the reason why Joey followed Grandma around like a puppy, and why he'd had a tummy ache two nights before?

Carlotta appeared, carrying an empty coffee cup, which she left on top of the radio. She looked very lovely in a dark red satin housecoat, with a flower in her black hair.

"Heavens," she said, inspecting Peggy, "go wash your face or comb your hair or something. Dick will be home for lunch, won't he?"

"When are we going to have lunch?" Grandma demanded.

Biting her lip, Peggy set the table and made a salad. Mildred stalked about the kitchen in silence.

But at 12.45 Dick came home, and Peggy's world began to seem brighter. She'd want to be married to him even if he had half a dozen sisters and two grandmothers, she thought.

"Hi, small fry!" he said, tossing the squealing Joey in the air. "Hello, Peggy. How's everything?"

Everything was swell, she told him happily and untruthfully. Then seeing that he looked tired, she rushed him into the dining-room.

Grandma was at the table, sampling the creamed fish. "This needs some grated cheese and a dash of paprika," she said. "Good morning, Dick. Where were you last night?"

"He had to stay at the office," Peggy reminded her. "They have a new personnel director."

Carlotta pulled out a chair. "How very depressing!" she murmured, her eyes on Dick.

PEGGY sat down and admired her husband. Like all the Bronsons, he was something to see.

"You shouldn't wear that tie," Grandma was telling him. "You've never looked well in blue."

"Perhaps he's just tired," Carlotta's smile widened. "He had a hard evening last night."

Oh, for heaven's sake, Peggy thought crossly, can't they see he really is tired?

Dick had begun to look not merely tired, but definitely glum. With a sudden scared and sinking feeling, Peggy realised that he had scarcely spoken since he came home. "This wasn't just fatigue—she knew those symptoms much too well. Something must be wrong."

Twisting her napkin in her fingers, she tried to send her love and concern across the table to him. Darling, I won't really care, no matter what it is! I won't mind anything, as long as we're together...

The doorbell rang and Peggy hurried into the hall.

On the porch stood a tall familiar figure in a beautifully tailored suit and smart little hat. Beside the well-shod feet were two large suitcases. A taxi was pulling away from the kerb.

"Mother!" Peggy gasped. "I—I thought you weren't coming home till Monday."

Mother Bronson laughed gaily and kissed her. "I decided to surprise you." Leaving the suitcases where they were, she swept into the dining-room.

With the turmoil of Bronson greetings in her ears, Peggy managed to drag the suitcases into the hall. Then, feeling as though the ceiling had fallen on her, she followed her mother-in-law.

Mother was kissing everyone. "Peg, dear," she cried, "you won't mind if I crawl into your extra bed to-night, will you? My house must be a frightful mess."

Please turn to page 28

Page 9

It's a regular winner—

that NEW LOOK
that LUX
LOOK



Knitteds stay new-looking
far longer with gentle Lux care

Sweet and fresh as new-mown hay. Smooth crossover front... elasticised wind-breaker cuffs and basque. Don't risk ruining high-style knitteds like this by careless washing with strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing. Lux care keeps woolies fresh and shapely year after year because Lux is so gentle.

Send for these **FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS**

Free instructions for "Sports Girl" cardigan will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36 ins. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100 G.P.O., Sydney. WW

U.271.VVV82

LARYNOIDS stop 'flu before it grips you!

Powerful antiseptics in Larynoids quickly destroy germs of infection BEFORE they harm you. Speedy-acting Anesthesin relieves sore throats in minutes! Deep-healing inhalants soothe chest "rawness" and speed recovery from even the severest cold. Don't endure colds or 'flu—ward them off with Larynoids!



1/8 PER PKT.
at all Chemists

Larynoids
Containing ANESTHESIN

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

Golf is a Game

Continued from page 4

FATHER laughed. "My boy, having developed your mind I find little difficulty in reading it," he said. "I noticed that you were concerned with the girl, so I had my people here look her up. No money, mind you, but fine stock."

"Then you wouldn't mind if I married Anne Jarvis?"

"Let's talk about it when we've licked St. Andrews," Father said.

"Thanks, Father," I said. I was very happy and anxious now for the tournament to end.

I finished with a total score of 285—five strokes better than Wyman Worthington, the Scotch pro who finished second.

Well, Father had been right again. He was always right. I felt a quick surge of affection for him as he stood beside me when Lord Beacon-Palgrave handed me the big silver cup.

I was surprised to see Father's hand tremble as he took the cup from me.

"I've waited a long time for this, son," he said to me. "A long, long time. You've made me the happiest and proudest father in the world, Ronnie. As far as I'm concerned you can have anything you want."

"Even Miss Jarvis?" I asked.

"She's yours, son," he told me.

Just then she pushed her way through the crowd. She wasn't wearing a hat. It had stopped raining and now the sun had come out.

"Congratulations to you and your father," Anne said sweetly, but there was a strange glint in her eyes.

As is the custom, there was a big dinner that night and I didn't get much of a chance to talk to Miss Jarvis until it was over.

"Now that you've done the impossible," she said solemnly, as we sat on the terrace, "what are your plans?"

"That's what I wanted to discuss with you," I said seriously. "I would like to discuss marriage with you."

"Well," Anne said, a bit non-plussed. "So you want to talk about marriage, Ronnie. Are you for it or against it?"

"I do not mean to discuss marriage academically," I said, a little annoyed at her lack of perception. "I was thinking of you and me."

Anne looked at me with a puzzled frown. "You're not by any chance proposing to me, are you?" she said.

"If you choose to put it that way—yes, I am."

Anne was silent for a moment, then she said slowly, "You really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. And Father approves, too. He thinks it would be a fine thing."

"He does, does he?" Anne stood up and looked down at me. "But won't that interfere with his plans?"

"I don't understand your attitude," I said. I didn't, either.

"No, you don't," Anne said thoughtfully. "You really don't. I can't even get angry, Ronnie. You're sweet, but Ronnie, my pet, I just want to stroke your curls and say, 'Poor Ronnie, poor dear Ronnie.' You don't understand at all, Ronnie, don't you realise that you're much too young to be married?"

"I am twenty-six, Anne."

"You are ten, Ronnie boy," she said sadly. "When you were ten your father started you on golf, and you stopped growing mentally right then and there. Golf is all you know. Really, Ronnie, you have nothing to offer a girl."

"My wife will always be well provided for," I protested.

"But you still don't understand. Suppose we were married. What would we talk about? What would we do?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, Anne," I said miserably. I thought she must have been drinking.

"That's what love is, Ronnie," she said earnestly. "When two people are so close, so in tune, that they hear things and see things no one else can hear or see. But, Ronnie, a man with the mind of a ten-year-old can't feel these things."

"I suppose someone like Sam Goodwin could?" I don't know what made me say that.

"Sam?" Anne looked thoughtful. "Yes, Sam is like that. In fact, millions of men are like that. But not you, Ronnie. You're too young to know about love."

"I am sure I love you, Anne," I said softly.

"And I love you, Ronnie—as I would love any sweet little boy," she said. "But a girl can't marry a boy, Ronnie, you've never shouldered a responsibility in your life. You've never done anything."

"I've won the four big golf titles this year," I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Yes, Ronnie, you did. And you were a good boy and you drank all the nasty vegetable juices and ate the big steaks your father brought over. Ronnie, Ronnie, I'm so sorry for you. So sorry. But I hate you for not seeing what your father has done to you. To satisfy a selfish, cruel whim he made you into a machine. Ronnie, you've never learned to live or laugh or dream. You let him do this to you—and I hate you for it!"

"That's when I asked, 'What have I done?' Anne—I just don't understand. What have I done?"

"Nothing, Ronnie, boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

She turned then with what sounded like a sob and left me there alone. I took a step after her but then stopped. I was too bewildered and unhappy to do anything but stand there. I'd never been unhappy or bewildered before. What had she meant about my father? Father had always been wonderful to me, I'd always depended upon him for everything. I didn't see Anne again.

I thought of all this, sitting there in our suite at the Waldorf. I'd been there nearly an hour. Then I heard loud laughter and happy voices out in the corridor. The door opened and Father and a group of his friends came in.

"Drinks are here, boys," Father beamed. "Scotch, bourbon, brandy."

They filled their glasses and they all talked at once. Every one of them slapped me on the back at least once and said, "You're the luckiest boy in the world, Ronnie."

Two of them put their arms around Father's neck and started singing. "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow—"

One of them pulled me to my feet and made me join in. We started it again and I sang with the rest of them, but I kept thinking: What am I going to do when I wake up tomorrow? What will I do the next day? What will I do every day from now on?

And the needle that had scratched across my brain before came back, and again I shut my eyes to hide the pain—and again Anne's voice came as though from far away. "Nothing, Ronnie boy, you've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

And suddenly it was all clear to me. I knew what she meant now. I must have sobbed out loud, because Father looked at me strangely. I turned then and ran into my bedroom and shut the door.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MRS. R. G. STANHAM

... pastoral family

GREAT - GREAT - GRAND-DAUGHTER of Captain John Macarthur, who imported the first merino sheep to Australia 150 years ago, Mrs. R. G. Stanham, daughter of the late Major-General J. W. Macarthur Onslow, has inherited Camden Park, N.S.W., part of one of the oldest estates in Australia. With her husband, Major-General Stanham, who served in both wars, and is now Paymaster-in-Chief at the British War Office, she will return to Australia later this year, when her husband retires.



CAPT. ALEXANDER McROBBIE

... walked 1800 miles

SCOTTISH migrant, 25-year-old Captain Alexander McRobbie, who walked from Perth to Melbourne, is now finishing book about his trip called "The Miles Rolled By." Has shaved beard grown on journey. Softspoken with rich Scottish burr, he says he's from Bobbie Burns' country, Ayr. He is a journalist, and after discharge in Singapore wrote film scripts.



MISS JESSIE FAWSITT

... airways career

AIRMINDED Miss Jessie Fawsitt, now publicity officer of BOAC in Sydney, was pilot No. 1 in British Civil Air Guard when it was established about ten years ago to build up a reserve of pilots. Through the war she worked with aircraft construction company, Airspeed, which built Oxford trainers and is now building new Ambassador 40-passenger airliner. Came to Australia in March with her mother because her sister was enjoying life here, and joined BOAC on arrival.



5166

5166 (above). Jaunty one-piece with a petticoat frill. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material for dress and ¼yd. 54 in. for the contrast trimming. Price 1/10.



5167

5167 (right). Classic design with a swirling skirt; has a jerkin in contrast. Sizes 32 in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material for the frock and ¼yd. 54in. for the jerkin. Price 1/10.

5168 (right). One-piece with a moulded bodice and all round pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 1/10.



5168



5169

5169 (above). Two-piece with a hooded jacket; the hood is lined. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material for suit and ¼yd. 36in. contrast to line hood. Price 1/10.



5170

5170 (left). Uncluttered lines for a tailored one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast for tie. Price 1/10.

On the Ice

★ New skating fashions are designed for free action, perfect fit, and maximum flattery. You can obtain paper patterns in stock sizes from our Fashion Pattern Department. When ordering state number, size required. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 29.

The Warmest Welcome you can give



Stocks obtainable in all States of Australia

A cup of energy-building MILO is the warmest welcome you can give to any member of the family. MILO warms you through and through and its delicious chocolate flavour makes MILO first favourite with all. Serve hot MILO frequently to help build stamina and keep away the ills and chills of the colder weather. MILO is made from pure country milk and malted cereals, fortified with vitamins A, B and D. Phosphates, calcium and valuable mineral salts are also present in MILO. It's a protective health food.

MILO

The fortified
TONIC FOOD

8-OZ. TIN **2'3**

14-OZ. TIN **3'9**

Prices slightly higher in country areas



A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

COPYRIGHT M1211

Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 5

THE road swung suddenly round a curve. A group of shabby wooden buildings clung to the dip in the mountain. And there were the children.

There were forty or fifty of them. They were playing sedately, as though warned not to soil their Sunday clothes. The thin woman in a grey uniform was keeping an eye on them.

Helen said sharply, "What is this place?"

Jerry was waving madly to his friends.

"The orphanage," he said matter-of-factly. "Hey, kids!"

They stopped their play and stared. Then the bolder children ran to the car.

The prim woman followed them, calling tartly, "Children! Children! Behave, now!" She smirked at Helen Jackson.

"You'll have to excuse them," she said. "They don't get to see many automobiles. Come, Jerry, I'm sure you've bothered the lady long enough."

Helen followed Jerry out of the car. She was clutching his hand. "Jerry! Do you... live here?"

He was entirely cheery about it. "Oh, yessum. I been here since I was four years old... Hey, Joel! This here car's got eight cylinders!"

The uniformed woman said, "It was kind of you to bring him home, ma'am." Her eyes were cold behind steel spectacles. She spoke in a lower voice, "But it's not good for the others. We don't like any one of the orphans to have more than the others."

Helen was still holding Jerry's hand. She said quickly, "Very well, I'll take them all driving in turn, now or another time."

Some of the listening boys whooped and tumbled in, two in the front, the others pulling open the rumble seat and piling in to capacity and overflowing.

The woman said coldly, "I'm responsible for the safety of all these children! I'll be to blame if you take them off and kill them, piled in like that!"

Helen said coldly, "I assure you, I shall take the greatest care of them."

She got into the car and swung along the road, driving slowly and cautiously. She blinked her eyes. They were smarting with tears. The boys were hushed now with wonder, and sat quietly.

One tall gaunt boy in the front whispered to Jerry, "The whole world looks different from here, don't it?"

Helen brushed a hand across her eyes. She said, "Don't let me get lost, Jerry. Or take too bad a road."

"I been thinkin' 'bout that. It gets kind o' steep and rutty a ways down. Reckon we best turn around down by that little ol' house under the oak tree."

The boys sighed and groaned, "Aw!"

Jerry said, "Must be nigh on to dinner time. We'd shore hate it, did we miss dinner?"

Helen turned the car around in front of the little mountain cabin under the oak tree.

She said, "Do you mean you don't get anything to eat if you're not on time?"

"Shore don't. But you got to preserve discipline," Jerry explained gravely, obviously quoting the thin woman. "They's too many of us to make 'lowances'."

"I do hope I haven't got you into trouble, Jerry."

She turned in by the orphanage. No one was in sight. As she stopped the car, a dinner bell began to clang. The boys rushed pell-mell. Only Jerry lingered.

He said, "We'll not never forget this day."

She laid a hand on his arm. "Jerry, why didn't you tell me where you lived?"

"Well, you never asked me, and I didn't think nothin' about it," He looked straight into her face.

and she thought again that his eyes were the exact color of the mountain skies. "Don't you fret, Miss Lady, I get along just fine."

He gave Jock a parting hug and scampered across the playground into the orphanage.

Afterwards, thinking of Miss Collins, Helen was afraid that Jerry would be refused permission even to cut her wood. However, he continued to come regularly in the early mornings before she was up.

He was evidently allowed to come at such an hour for the sole purpose of denying him the pleasure of contact with her and with Jock.

One morning she slipped hurriedly into her negligee to speak to him before he left. He was leaving as she opened the back door.

She called, "Oh, wait, Jerry!"

He came back.

She said, "I've... missed you. Do you have to come so early?"

He grinned happily to see her, and to see Jock, who dashed out, too. It was as she suspected.

He said, "Oh, yes'um. Miss Collins says I'm obliged to be a nuisance, and the only way to keep from botherin' you is to do my work 'fore you're up."

"That's not true, Jerry. Jock's been dreadfully lonesome for you. Tell Miss Collins— Let's see... tell her I have several things I need to have you do for me. And it has to be when I can tell you about them."

HAZEL



"That's preposterous! Why, I can get Shannon at 3 to 2 in my own house!"

He said, "Like as not she'd just send another boy." He gave the matter deep thought.

"I know," he said at length. "I'll ask Miss Pendleton instead. She's the head. She understands things good. Like me havin' a friend. Havin' two friends." He waved and trotted away.

Helen worked all day on the Mountain Prelude. She could not bring in, to her taste, the effect of distant church bells. They persisted in sounding close and blatant.

In the late afternoon she laid her work aside. She went to the music cupboards and looked through the scores there. She played two of them, then played from memory some of her own concert pieces.

She thought she heard a sound on the front porch. She went to the door. No one was there but Jock, but he had his head on one side, his ears cocked, and he was looking at something in the rhododendron thicket. There was the sound of feet on pebbles.

Helen called out, laughing, "Jerry, is that you? Come back!"

He came out sheepishly. "I didn't aim for you to catch me listenin'," he said.

"Why shouldn't you listen? How long have you been here?"

"Bout an hour, I reckon. I'll not do it again, do it bother you?"

"But I love an audience. You can listen any time I'm playing. I can't believe you care so much for music."

He said brightly, "I shore hope you play that one piece another time. The first one you played. I liked it best."

"The first one? That was made from your song, Jerry. Didn't you recognise it?"

"Seemed to me I did. But it's different now, and a heap purtier."

"Come in. I'll play it again."

Inside, she seated herself at the piano and the boy leaned against it.

"It isn't finished," she said. "It will be quite a long time before it's done. Listen to this part."

She played the movement that incorporated the church bells.

She said, more to herself than to him, "If I could get this movement right, I think I might be able to finish it."

She repeated a phrase.

"Don't know what's wrong, but the bells aren't quite right."

He wrinkled his forehead. He, too, listened to soundless notes. He said with hesitation, "Seems like they sound too—too plain."

"You mean, too loud?"

"No'm. Too... clear. They hit right smack on the sound. If mebbe they didn't quite hit straight on it—"

"I have them in a major key. I wonder if you could possibly mean that they should be in a minor—"

She transposed and played the bell movement in a minor key. The effect was entirely different.

Jerry cried out, "That's it! That's just right now!"

Helen said musingly, "Jerry, you must be a born musician. Who taught you to play the mouth organ?"

"Nobody. I just listened to the other boys."

"Has anyone taught you to play the piano?"

He shook his head.

"Here. Sit beside me," she said. "Look now. Listen."

She gave him an elementary lesson. He understood at once, and repeated the notes after her, his brown fingers grubby on the keys.

"Jerry, I could teach you in no time."

Her hands twisted together in her lap. She stared into the past.

"I had a little boy once," she whispered. "He was just your size."

His eyes widened. He whispered back, "Did you—did you have to—put him in an orphanage?"

"No, oh, no! He... was killed. In... an accident. I haven't been able to talk about it."

"I know," he whispered. "You can pretend bad things ain't so, long as you don't talk about it."

She shook herself free. She spoke with deliberate lightness.

"What I started to tell you, Jerry. He was a wonderful boy, but there was one thing I could never understand. His father and I both loved music so much, and my Hank hated it. He didn't even want to be in the house when I played."

Jerry struggled for words with which to comfort her.

At last he said, "I knowed a boy once didn't like ice-cream."

He could have said nothing more helpful. Helen laughed.

"What a peculiar boy he must have been," she said, and recovered herself. "I'm sure he turned into a criminal."

She stood up, strangely relieved of the heaviest part of her burden.

Jerry felt eased, too, from the tension. He said, "I got to go to the store for Miss Collins. Can Jock go with me?"

"Of course. Run along." And the pair set out together.

Helen stood watching them until they disappeared from sight. Then she returned to the piano, still with a feeling of wonderful relief from tension.

Please turn to page 22

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



KONERAY

REGISTERED
PLEATED SKIRTS

Trade enquiries: please cable 'Gor-ray' Wesdo London

Sole Manufacturers: GOR-RAY Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England

SPEAK ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Easily, Quickly and Naturally with

LINGUAPHONE

IN JUST A FEW WEEKS

The Linguaphone System of teaching languages is recognised throughout the world as the easiest and quickest method of learning to speak a language with the true accent and intonation. It has been so perfected and proved in the last 50 years that it is possible, in spare time and without any outside help, to understand and speak any language within a few weeks!

WHAT LINGUAPHONE IS

A Linguaphone Course consists of 32 lessons contained in a set of gramophone records, accompanied by fully keyed and illustrated textbooks and instructions.

Linguaphone teaches you by SIGHT and SOUND in the same way as you learn your own language as a child. Guiding you are many expert and qualified authorities. You can't help learning, and once you have learnt you won't forget; the language will become literally "second nature" to you.

HOW IT CAN HELP YOU

Unlimited opportunities await those who can speak a foreign language. In business and pleasure you will have added power, becoming familiar with new countries and new peoples. Your experience in foreign lands is widened and you can mingle with distinguished visitors from overseas on terms of equality. You will read the great classics in their original languages and so appreciate them as they were intended.

LANGUAGE COURSES IN...

FRENCH	RUSSIAN	ARABIC
GERMAN	CZECH	(Egyptian)
SPANISH	FINNISH	CHINESE
PORTUGUESE	HUNGARIAN	POLISH
ITALIAN	AFRIKAANS	MODERN
ENGLISH	ESPERANTO	HEBREW
NORWEGIAN	PERSIAN	JAPANESE
SWEDISH	HINDUSTANI	MORSE CODE
		ETC., ETC.

Other courses in preparation.

To The Linguaphone Institute, Box 4444, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Please send me, without obligation, the free 28-page booklet, "LINGUAPHONE for LANGUAGES". I enclose two 2½d. stamps to cover postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
I am interested in the following language(s) LI/SA





MORLEY

"VELNIT"

interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit—and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

MORLEY

"KANTSHRINK"

woollens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.

Always look for the name
MORLEY
 on Underwear.

For our PARIS FASHION PARADES . . .

★ These four attractive frocks, designed by famous French fashion houses, will be seen at The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades. They show the wide diversity of styles chosen by our fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, for the collection brought to Australia for the parades, which start in Sydney on August 16 and will go later to Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart.

GRES makes this simple tobacco linen jacket suit with its square-cut neck and stiff white collar. Clever cutting gives hip fullness to the jacket. The full skirt falls into soft folds.



JEAN PATOU has used a straight skirt in his slate-blue and white striped suit, so that the unusual cut of the coat will be emphasised. From the tightly fitting waist the tail of the coat stands out.

MOLYNEUX gathers his beige skirt into back fullness and makes his tobacco-brown jacket with an elaborate back bow. The frilled cuff on a straight sleeve is a charming note.



MAD CARPENTIER cuts her full-swinging coat with the new deep sleeves, which give the effect of a coolie coat. The coat is of dove-grey woollen weave. Alibou makes the pale green felt hat with its Napoleonic brim.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 3, 1948

Cooler, smoother, more satisfying!

BLACK & WHITE Cigarettes guaranteed Finest Virginia Leaf.

If hubby's been working overtime...

**DON'T FORGET
HIS NIGHTLY CUP OF
BOURN-VITA
BEFORE BED**



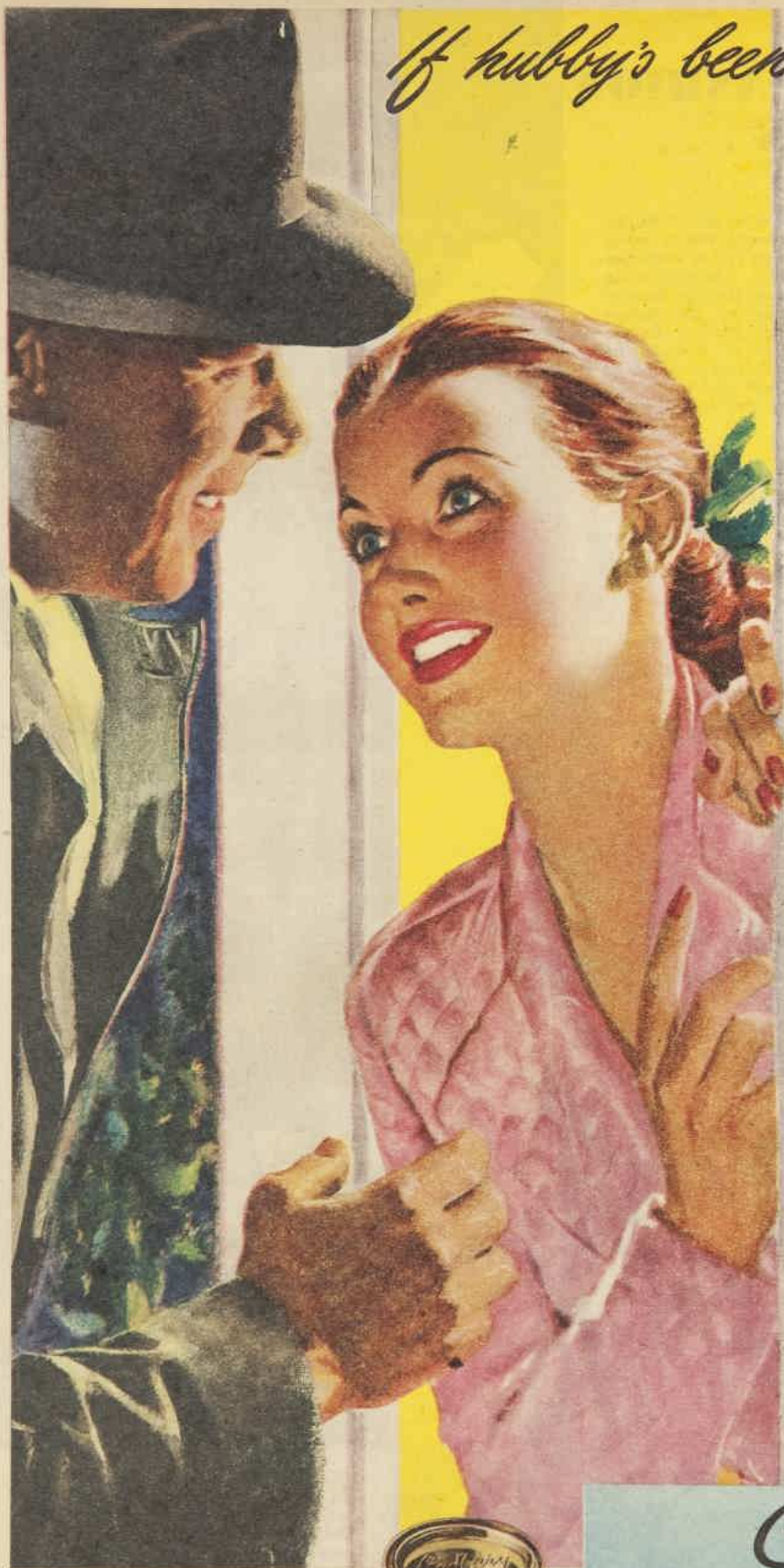
Overtime, or for that matter any extra work, places a much greater strain on the system than ordinary routine tasks. It means extra work when the body is tired and a call on the whole system to make a bigger effort than usual; in short - a demand for more energy and more vitality.

How Bourn-vita before bed sets you up for the day.

Your nightly cup of Bourn-vita ensures a proper rest. It induces a deep, sound sleep - and more - it helps you get the most out of your sleep. Bourn-vita provides the right kind of protective foods which help nature in her nightly task of replacing the used energy of the body. Bourn-vita before bed means that your sleep does its job properly, so that you awake in the morning thoroughly refreshed, able to face the day's work with a smile and to take overtime in your stride.

Bourn-vita is made only from natural foods.

Foods which you know are good: malt extract, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate. These - and these alone - are the ingredients of Bourn-vita - no synthetics, no adulterations of any kind. Bourn-vita is prepared by a special Cadbury process which retains all the essential vitamins and body-building elements. Bourn-vita must do you good.



*Get a tin today from your chemist or grocer.
Bourn-vita comes in handy half-pound and
full one pound sizes.*



Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA

*The Ideal Food Drink
as supplied to leading Hospitals*

Gallant band of blind veterans off to England

Will do special training at famous St. Dunstan's

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

With blinded Gallipoli veteran Mr. T. H. White as their commanding officer, the first big contingent of war-blinded Australian ex-servicemen is leaving this week for England in the Strathaird to discover new ways of "seeing" without sight at the famous English training centre for the blind, St. Dunstan's.

They're a game bunch of nineteen, eager for rehabilitation to a normal way of life. They have to overcome not only sightlessness, but in a number of cases the handicap of missing or paralysed limbs, too.

VISITING the families of men getting ready for the trip was a great experience. In these households you found again the courage, wry humor, and highest moments of the bleak battle-stained years recently over.

Take Belfast-born big "Jock" Armstrong, of Hampton (Vic.), and former 8th Division P.O.W. Eric Eagle, of West Footscray, sparring together.

"Eric reckons I'm being deported," says "Jock," "but he knows I'm only going to act as his interpreter when we get to England."

"You're going because you copped it at El Alamein when you bobbed your head up when someone said there was free beer," cracks back Eric.

"Jock," former bus driver, and Eric, who was with the Board of Works as a timekeeper and foreman, are keen to graduate from St. Dunstan's as first-class carpentering tradesmen, to further the careers they started at the Royal Institute for the Blind in Melbourne.

A "mini-sized" job is also the aim of former Marion Vale (Vic.) dairy farmer George Tidd, who lost his sight and full use of his left arm in a trench-mortar explosion at Balikpapan.

He's pretty handy about the house now as nursemaid-in-chief to his chubby, eight-months-old daughter Veryl, even to bathing her.

"But with too much time on his hands a man finds himself falling for the washing-up and that sort of thing," grinned George, with an affectionate smile at his wife.

Nicknamed "Prairie Flower" by his associates, former Commando Bill Gray, of Lakes Entrance (Vic.), spent his last couple of weeks before he sailed honeymooning with his bride, formerly Bonnie Aldersley, of Armadale (Vic.).

Another big personality in the party is Henry Taylor, of West Preston (Vic.). Six-foot-three in height and tipping the scales at 19 stone, he is one of the first Australians blinded in the Second World War.

Besides losing his sight at Bardia he suffered for a time complete paralysis of both legs and an arm.

The contingent calls tall, good-looking Eric Hailes, of Abbotsford (Vic.), and South Australian Albie Ryan its glamor boys.

I was told that dinner clothes for dancing aboard ship had high priority in Albie Ryan's packing, as he

is the acknowledged Fred Astaire of the group.

Eric, whose disability is not easily recognised, has expressive dark brown eyes and a flashing smile.

He lost his sight while training for the R.A.A.F.

Unable to return to his old job as industrial chemist, he has taken up piano study and tuning.

Previously Eric had no interest in music. Now his entire life revolves round it. He is particularly excited about attending Albert Hall concerts and meeting famous conductors in London.

Another thing giving Eric a kick was the announcement that aboard the Strathaird he is to have the seat in the dining saloon occupied last trip home by Don Bradman.

Dining saloon accommodation for the men has been conveniently placed at the first three tables near the lift, so they will be quite independent in finding their way when the gong goes.

A section of the library is being reserved for them for certain hours each day, when "Captain" White and his right-hand and Rock of Gibraltar, Mrs. White, will have the boys on the job practising typewriting, Braille, and handicrafts.

It is as a source of profound inspiration that Mr. White probably fills the highest need of the men.

Blinded at Gallipoli in the First World War, he returned to Australia after a period at St. Dunstan's, and struck out afresh, raising and breeding squab for the table.

Every spare moment he devoted to tutoring other blinded soldiers. During the recent conflict he made honorary work a full-time job.

His wife worked beside him, concentrating on teaching handicrafts.

The four Western Australians going to St. Dunstan's are John McGregor and Walter Jones, both ex-8th Division P.O.Ws., and Trevor Baker, ex-Army Engineers, all married men, and a bachelor, Edwin Bullen, ex-R.A.A.F.

Only Queensland member of the group, David Beattie has been farm-



HAPPY SMILE from Eric Hailes, Abbotsford, Vic., playing melody on piano for his mother, Mrs. Alecia Hailes, before he sails for England.



FIRESIDE STUDY of George Tidd, Bentley, Vic., with his wife and baby daughter Veryl.



SUPER CABIN TRUNK with name inscribed, gift to Tom Charlesworth from fellow-patrons of nearby London Tavern, Richmond, (Vic.), is strapped by his sister, Miss Nellie Charlesworth, after they pack.

ing with his widowed mother at Malanda, North Queensland.

He was awarded the D.F.M. while a warrant officer in the R.A.A.F., and lost his sight after his aircraft was attacked returning from Dortmund.

After convalescing he spent a year at St. Dunstan's studying Braille, typewriting, and elementary courses in massage and leather work.

On his return to Queensland he married a nurse, Mary Coleman, who was a school friend. She plans to follow her husband to England, and will take up nursing there.

Other members of the party, all Victorians, are: Tom Charlesworth (Richmond), Munro Donald (Clifton Hill), Len Johnstone (Terang), David Borrie (Yes), Ken Farrar (Bendigo), Keith Jenkins (Richmond), Jim Pottage (Carlton).

Ten members of the group were blinded as a result of malnutrition in Japanese prison camps, and some others in the group have only one hand or other physical disabilities.

They will all undergo a minimum training period of 12 months at St. Dunstan's, the period extending

according to the course they are most adapted to fill.

The men selected are those expected to derive the greatest benefit from training and whose domestic position makes a long absence from home possible.

The contingent is going at the expense of the Repatriation Department, and the Australian Red Cross is bearing the cost of transporting Mr. and Mrs. White to lead the party and fares of three escorts, ex-R.N. and R.A.N. doctor, Dr. John Bignell, of Melbourne, and his attractive bride, formerly Dr. Dorothy Harper, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, and Dr. O. W. Salkeld, ex-A.I.F., of St. Kilda, Melbourne.

On arrival at St. Dunstan's, which overlooks the English Channel near Brighton, the blinded Australians will be able to move about the spacious grounds with freedom, following guide wires which dispense with the need for escorts, and they will familiarise themselves with their new surroundings by studying a scale model of St. Dunstan's.

To help them find their way about the building unaided there are all sorts of devices to make the way easier.

For instance, railings are studded with large buttons to indicate left and right or top and bottom of stairs, which are protected by small swing doors heavily padded with rubber.

They will discover that St. Dunstan's is rather like a well-run club, with warmth and friendship and no time for boredom or loneliness.

When the initial road to independence has been covered with proficiency in Braille reading, writing, and typewriting, sport and recreations, St. Dunstan does, many of whom are blind themselves, will set about helping the men to find future occupations.

Very few occupations are closed to St. Dunstan graduates. Men can gain practical experience there in agriculture and forestry, or take University academic courses.

For the less highly educated, workshops turn out highly skilled engineers and tradesmen.

Men who have even lost both hands as well as their sight have been trained to work as switchboard operators.

And so, buoyed with stories of what St. Dunstan's can do for a man, the 19 Australians set sail. They go off with spruce wardrobes supplemented by the Australian Red Cross according to confidential individual requirements and the comforting feeling that the Red Cross will also be keeping a specially watchful eye on the welfare of the families they leave behind here.

Good reading in July Omnibook

"The White Tower," by James Ramsay Ullman, a book of the Month Club selection, is included in the wide variety of reading in the July number of The Australian Women's Weekly Omnibook.

OMNIBOOK presents selections of the best of current literature in the United States and Australia each month.

The three other books included in July Omnibook are: "Low Man On a Totem Pole," by H. Allen Smith; "Laughing Into Glory," by Hodge MacLellan; and "The Steeper Cliff," by David Davidson.

In "The White Tower," five men and a girl pit their strength and nerve against the snow-capped dangers of a mountain "provocative as Mona Lisa's smile, and baffling as the Sphinx's sightless gaze."

Blended with the breath-taking action of a perilous mountain ascent

is the psychological struggle within each climber as he seeks fulfillment.

The author, James Ramsay Ullman, is also a theatrical producer, an explorer, and mountaineer.

H. Allen Smith, who wrote "Low Man On a Totem Pole," has been dubbed "Boswell of the buffoons."

Smith is a journalist, and his book is described as an interim report by one who fell among the human race, and found it alternately amusing and pathetic, but always fascinating.

"Laughing Into Glory" is the true story of the Rev. Hodge MacLellan, a minister of the Hookers-town Methodist Church.

A search for an honest, democratic anti-Nazi to serve as editor of a Bavarian newspaper makes the story of "The Steeper Cliff."

CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED,
Box 4088, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Gentlemen—Please mail to the below address:

One copy THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY OMNIBOOK
MAGAZINE each month for the next six months at cost of 6/-.

One copy THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY OMNIBOOK
MAGAZINE each month for the next twelve months at cost of 12/-.

I enclose Postal Notes to the value of

Name (Block Letters)

Full Postal Address

Subscription to commence with the ISSUE

UNRATED CLOTHING

THE end of clothes rationing lifts one burden from mothers who manage the family coupons.

Conscience need no longer accuse them of having deprived the house of tea-towels in order to buy a new dress.

The reproaches of a father unable to get a new shirt because little Johnny's new school outfit took all the coupons are silenced at last.

The change, however, gives rise to no dreams of unlimited wardrobes.

The high price of good clothing has had and will continue to have as limiting an effect on most women's buying as any system of rationing.

When ladies meet today, their conversation tends to dwell on beautiful memories of what they used to pay in pre-war days.

They recall the little frocks they picked up for a couple of guineas, the handbags at 15/11, and the smart topcoats at five and six guineas.

Retailers and manufacturers are as aware as the buying public of the hampering effect on sales of present high prices, but find themselves unable to avoid sharing in the general upward spiral.

That face-saving rationing-time excuse for shabbiness: "It's not the money, it's the coupons!" is now lost for ever.

Shoppers have to admit, sadly, it IS the money.



"I have a special hike planned for this afternoon."

WORTH Reporting

THE golden jubilee of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will take place in September. It will precede the Queen's abdication for health reasons in favor of her daughter, Princess Juliana.

Celebrations will begin with a coronation play in the Amsterdam Olympic Stadium.

Representatives of every province in Holland will take part in the play. Later in the celebrations the Olympic Stadium will be the scene of a gala sports display.

The second day's programme includes a parade of the three Dutch Services followed by a military concert and ceremonial tattoo.

Special church services will be held, the most impressive promising to be that in the church where the Queen was crowned on her 18th birthday. That service, which took place in 1898, will be followed as nearly as possible with dresses and church decorations as they were 50 years ago.

A boy's best friend

A DEVONSHIRE mother of a 17-year-old boy is highly delighted because her schoolboy son "has done her great honor."

At a Sixth Form discussion on the question of allowing the boys to bring their girl-friends to school functions, this youngster got up and said: "A boy's best friend is his mother. I shall bring mine to all the shows in preference to any girl."

This filial gallantry has caused a controversy among proud mamas.

One of them, Mrs. Anselm, of North London, mother of two sons, one still at school and the other up at Oxford, had this to say:

"I should think I had brought up my boys very badly if they spoke like that. It would show they had no girl-friends, which would be awfully bad for them."

ONE of the B.B.C. television programmes is called "Inventors' Club." Inventors show how their ideas can be applied.

The first programme showed ideas ranging from a reversible life-boat, invented by Mr. H. A. Gaskin, to a knife which makes spreading hard butter easier in cold weather. It was a simple gadget with a number of small holes at the end of the blade, and the television camera showed that it was effective.

Women public speakers

FOLLOWING a paragraph which appeared in Worth Reporting, 12/6/48, on the Phoenix and the Penguin Clubs, which teach their women public speaking, we received a letter from the United Associations of Women, telling of similar activities.

This organisation, which intends to enter a team and individual speech-makers in the City of Sydney Elstfield later in the year, holds speakers' classes for women every week, and for business girls on one evening a fortnight.

"It is the association's ambition to have women generally as articulate as men," writes Mrs. C. L. Scrimgeour, publicity officer.

"Woman's point of view is not the same as man's. She places a greater value on human life, human welfare, health, and morals."

"In training women to become more articulate, we believe that at the same time these women develop a capacity to think and to feel a greater sense of responsibility because of the need to search for knowledge in the preparation of speeches."

"So eventually we create a higher percentage of responsible, efficient citizens."



"What you need is more starch in your diet."

Drugs from native plants

FOR the past four years a group of highly skilled professional men in Western Australia have been studying wildflowers and native plants.

Their interest, however, is not merely botanical, nor will their collections grace any albums of carefully arranged species. They are members of the Western Australian Drug Panel, and their specimens go to the laboratory to be tested for the production of valuable medical drugs.

"One of our most important discoveries so far was the drug rutin, which we obtained from a type of native boronia," Dr. Douglas Elwood White, acting head of the Chemistry Department at Perth University, and a member of the panel, told us. "It has proved valuable in preventing haemorrhages and stopping capillary fragility."

The native emu poison plant was also found to yield a useful drug, nor-nicotine, now used as an insecticide supplementary to DDT.

Until its discovery organic chemists had been unable to obtain this variety of nicotine in sufficiently large quantities to be of value.

It is known as the emu poison plant because it is used by aborigines to poison waterholes when they want to kill emus.

"In our investigations we have given some study to claims by Australian aborigines that certain native plants have value as cures for disease," Dr. White said. "The difficulty, of course, is in obtaining sound medical opinion on the diseases they are claimed to have cured."

Meanwhile, native plants remain a fairly new field for scientific investigation, and the Drug Panel is continuing with its work. Members believe that parts of North Queensland with a high rainfall may yield valuable discoveries, and hope that the field of investigation may be developed to cover all States.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES, the former Mary Churchill, took the Army education course in interior decorating before her marriage, so that she has done a good deal of the redecoration of the Kentish farmhouse where she now lives with her husband and four-month-old baby.

Young Nick Soames, Winston Churchill's newest grandson, gets his daily milk from a specially selected cow. This is an arrangement that can now be made by any mother in Britain who deals with a dairyman who is also a milk producer.

Small flats, small dogs

MORE and more small dogs are favored in preference to large ones because of the housing problem, according to "Tailwagger Chats," bulletin of the Tailwagger Club.

"A Great Dane or an Irish wolfhound would be out of place in many of the dwellings now imposed on us by circumstances of the times," says the author, who goes on to tell the story of a girl who owned an Irish wolfhound.

She used to take it with her to visit a friend who lived on the top floor of a block of flats. The only way to get the dog into the lift was to make him stand on his hind legs and rest his forefeet on her shoulders.

Plays for country

COUNTRY towns in Victoria can look forward to seeing entertaining straight plays through an experiment of the Victorian Division of the Red Cross, which is taking a touring company on the roads to raise funds.

This Red Cross Entertainment Unit has been organised by the appeals committee, including energetic Mr. Bill McKechnie and theatre manager Mr. Garnet Carroll. Plays selected are those with a popular family appeal.

First try-out was "While the Sun Shines," performed by a team of Brett Randall's Little Theatre players, with film star Marce Marsden in the cast.

The cast of seven with four and stage managers visited Inglewood, Cohuna, Donald, and other Mallee towns on the first tour, playing one town a night.

They travelled by station wagon driven by Red Cross driver Josie Kitchen, who shifts scenery and works the lighting.

Red Cross branches handle advance publicity, sell tickets and programmes, billet players where possible, and entertain the cast at real country suppers after shows.

All associated with the productions are paid, but the first tour showed that the experiment may be an excellent Red Cross money-spinner.

Island outpost

WHEN the chief general manager of B.H.P., Mr. Basilington Lewis, delivered a special lecture at Adelaide University recently, it was only the third he had ever given.

Although he described his effort as "a dry lecture on a dry subject," hundreds went to hear him. He announced a vast future expansion programme of the steel industry in Australia, which celebrates its hundredth birthday this year.

An interesting sidelight of his verbal tour of the Commonwealth was his reference to the far-flung outpost, Cockatoo Island, near Yampi Sound, in north-west W.A.

This island is entirely of iron ore and every particle of garden soil has been carried over from the mainland, to provide the 250 B.H.P. residents with a chance to grow fresh vegetables and tropical fruits. Dwellings are of wood and iron, and all are equipped with refrigeration. A regular boat service brings supplies to the island.

There is hardly a smooth area on this rock formation, but a tennis court has been carved out, and a swimming-pool is planned. The jetty, including piles and superstructure, is all of steel, and is the only all-steel marine structure in Australia.

The island is situated 500 miles inside the Tropic of Capricorn, has a 32-inch average rainfall, and a climate described as "pleasant, but warm." There is a rise and a fall of 35 feet in the tide, requiring special arrangements for loading ships.

Busy ship

CAPTAIN CLAUDE R. EVANS, acting-commander of the cable ship Recorder, has been 20 years on cable ships plying round the world. Recorder recently completed a routine cable-repairing trip round the Australian coast from Southport in Queensland to Cottesloe in Western Australia.

Now the ship is off to Cocos, Durban, and maybe Zanzibar, where it counts the Sultan among its friends and visitors. Thirty-five of his dusky subjects are in the ship's crew, all Mohammedans. Captain Evans' cabin-boy Cassim, is their priest.

Language problems in foreign countries are solved by having linguistically minded officers, the captain says. All on this trip have knowledge of from two to five languages.

Recorder, built in 1903, was originally Iris, the ship that captured Count von Luckner and his yacht in the first World War.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By

Dorothy Drain

WEATHER BUREAU officials have come in for particularly virulent criticism since the floods in New South Wales which, according to vitally interested parties, they failed to predict.

A meteorologist is an unhappily vulnerable person, and parents should think twice before they let their sons take up such a career.

Other people who do work of a scientific nature can usually hide themselves from the layman by a screen of mystery because of the specialised nature of the job.

But not a weather man. He is treated with as much contempt as a Prime Minister, or a Leader of the Opposition, and he doesn't get the same opportunity to defend himself over the National Network.

The weather forecasts are a daily Aunt Sally. No one ever comments when they are right. But let them be wrong and every man, woman, and child is ready with the chestnut about reading the forecast and believing the opposite.

Come to think of it, I never heard of a woman meteorologist. That intuition, for which our sex is famous, must tell us that here is a career not calculated to win friends.

CIVIC officials spend a lot of time worrying about attractions for overseas tourists. This is admirable, because overseas tourists mean money. But sometimes they worry themselves unnecessarily.

The Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman Bartley, complained recently of the wide publicity given overseas to vice and crime in Sydney.

"Unless it stops, our overseas traffic will be affected," he said.

Alderman Bartley adds that many visitors have told him that Sydney is the cleanest city in the world, and this ought to be publicised.

The awful thing is that it isn't interesting to read about a clean city, whereas it is interesting to read about murders.

If you saw two articles, one headed "City wins prize for cleanliness," and the other, "Gangsters shoot it out in city streets," which would you read first?

I doubt very much that overseas tourists are likely to be frightened away by reports of crime in Sydney, which isn't more prevalent than in any city of its size. But they must be terrified when they see our trams.

PHILADELPHIA Zoo made an elephant available to the Republican Party in America for use at pageants and demonstrations during the Republican Presidential Convention in that city.

Elephating, isn't it?

HOW sweet it is to see a gentle maiden

Scan with an anxious eye her morning mail,
To watch her pretty, red-tipped fingers flutter
Over the letters—and her cheeks go pale,
As one she takes, flinging aside the others,
And with a shaking hand and indrawn breath
She rips it open, reads with concentration . . .
What are the tidings? Is it love, or death?

How charming, then, to see her face relax!

A few bob refund on her income tax.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to Tago Isle. Natives tell them the island is ruled by an old woman known as

THE WITCH OF TAGO: After imprisoning them she shows her powers by taking the shape of a young girl, then of a child. Curious, Mandrake enters her house and finds the young girl and the child. Then a stranger thing happens. The dreaded "Witch" removes her wig, putty nose and chin, and appears as a charming old lady. NOW READ ON:

MANDRAKE INTRODUCES BARTON AND BETTY TO THE OLD "WITCH." "AND THESE ARE HER DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER," MANDRAKE ADDS. BARTON AND BETTY GASP. "BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?" THEY ASK.



"YOU MAY WELL WONDER WHO WE ARE, AND WHY I AM KNOWN AS THE 'WITCH' OF TAGO. LET ME TELL OUR STORY. SOME YEARS AGO, I CAME HERE WITH MY HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW."

"WE CAME TO BUILD A HOME. THERE IS MUCH COPRA HERE AND WE PLANNED TO ESTABLISH A TRADING-POST. --- THE NATIVES WERE FIERCE AND TRADING SHIPS SHUNNED THIS ISLAND, BUT WE WERE DETERMINED TO STAY."



THE NATIVES ATTACKED US AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY, BUT OUR MENFOLK'S GUNS KEPT THEM OFF. THEN ONE DAY, THEY CAUGHT OUR MEN IN AMBUSH--AND KILLED THEM. I WAS LEFT HELPLESS WITH MY DAUGHTER, AND HER INFANT."



"THAT SAME DAY, THE NATIVES CAME HERE--TO FINISH THEIR MASSACRE. MY HUSBAND HAD A HOBBY--SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICKS. HE HAD SHOWED ME HOW TO DO THEM. I FACED THE NATIVES--AND TRYING TO IMPRESS THEM--TOOK A COIN FROM THE CHIEF'S EAR!"



"TO MY AMAZEMENT, THEY FLED IN TERROR. I BEGAN TO PRACTICE MORE TRICKS. WHEN THE NATIVES REGAINED COURAGE TO RETURN, I WAS ALWAYS READY WITH A NEW TRICK. SOON, THEY FEARED AND SHUNNED US--CALLING ME THE WITCH OF TAGO."

"WE LIVE ON THE FOOD OFFERINGS THEY BRING US. I HAVE NEVER HARMED ANYONE. MY ONLY DESIRE WAS TO FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY, SO THAT MY DAUGHTER AND GRANDCHILD WOULD BE SAFE HERE WITH ME." "BUT HOW DID YOU RIDE THROUGH THE AIR ON A BROOM-STICK?" ASKS BARTON.



"I'D ALSO LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU FLEW THROUGH THE AIR ON A BROOM, LIKE A FAIRY-BOOK WITCH," BETTY SAYS. "COME AND I WILL SHOW YOU," REPLIES THE "WITCH."



To be continued

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ Mine Own Executioner

THE unending trail of films on psychoanalysis continues from both Hollywood and Britain, with studios as anxious as audiences for some new slant on the subject.

Alexander Korda Productions in England give the first really original idea on psychiatry we have seen for months.

In "Mine Own Executioner," which is showing at the Esquire, the suggestion is made that through overwork a psychoanalyst is likely to find the need for a dose of his own treatment.

Author Nigel Balchin, who wrote the original story and then adapted it for the screen, has been fortunate in his film associates.

Director Anthony Kimmins, American star Burgess Meredith, and young English actor Kieron Moore all have put thought and understanding into their share of the product.

Film audiences do not necessarily require all their "is" to be dotted and their "it's" to be crossed, but reasons for certain happenings must be made clearer in a film than in a book, to which we can turn again for a second reading.

In this case there is one large loophole.

We are told that brilliant psychiatrist Felix Milne is not a qualified doctor, but given no reason why he had abandoned his medical student career to turn psychoanalyst and be dubbed a "quack."

In the book, that was explained in a prologue.

Burgess Meredith is splendid as Felix. His irritation at criticism levelled at him and his determination to help war neurotic ex-flyer Adam Lucian (Kieron Moore) are balanced finely against his own mental unrest and his home-life disturbance.

The pace of the film is slow at times, and there are too many close-ups of Meredith, but no one will complain about lack of suspense.

Kieron Moore as the unfortunate young neurotic airman and Barbara White as his loyal wife share some of the film's most tense moments.

I liked very much the quiet way in which Duane Gray handled the part of Felix Milne's badly treated but thoroughly understanding wife.

★★ Sleep, My Love

A TASTY little brew of drugs, hypnosis, greed, blackmail, terror, and attempted murder is a product suitable only for persons of strong nerves.

All these ingredients and lots more appear in the United Artists release, "Sleep, My Love," which stars Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and Robert Cummings at the Mayfair, but thriller fans will lap it up.

I must say that the charming and always reliable Claudette Colbert manages fairly credibly to make a normal healthy woman become a terrified victim of her husband's attempts to drive her insane.

His reasons for such unpleasant behaviour are his wife's wealth and a sultry siren who nags him on to villainy upon villainy.

It is difficult to decide whether Don Ameche as the husband or Hazel Brooke as the siren is the more wooden.

They do not change their blank expressions from start to finish so the good acting has to come (and does come) from Claudette and Robert Cummings, who rescues her from an untimely suicide and from committing an equally untimely murder.

Luxury settings and slick emphasis on the terror scenes carry the film along.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

TEAM OF GIRLS P



YOUTHFUL TREE PLANTERS. From left; Judith Kedge, Betty Robinson, and Von Wintle are typical of the girls who comprise the group working on the plantation. The girls wear overalls, slacks, and dilapidated hats when working.



SUPPER of sausages and breaa, grilled and toasted over cabin fire, sends girls off to bed well fed after they have enjoyed evening of gramophone music, dancing, writing letters, reading, or talking around the fire.



GIRLS WORK in two teams planting eight feet apart in every direction. This team was photographed working in open country, but sometimes they strike acres of scrub or very swampy ground.

FORMER CLERK Iris Wilson starts her fourth week as a tree planter with a smile. Iris is one of 18 girls who recently began work on a timber plantation at Tea Gardens, N.S.W. At week-ends girls attend dances at nearby village and enjoy listening to playing of publican Gordon Rastlison, former A.B.C. dance band pianist.



PLANTATION MANAGER Charles B. Foster, A wiry, weatherbeaten, grey-haired man, "C.B." has worked for 25 years in softwood afforestation.

PLANT PINE FOREST

On a pine plantation near Tea Gardens, a fishing village near Port Stephens, on the Central North Coast of N.S.W., 18 girls, most of them city born and bred, are engaged in the unusual feminine occupation of tree planting.

They call themselves women foresters. They're doing back-breaking work; they're having a lot of fun.

THE plantation, known as "Woodlands," is located on the Myall River, five miles north of Tea Gardens, covers 4000 acres and has a navigable water frontage of seven miles.

Australian Pines and Products Ltd. decided to hire and train women as planters when they realised they would not be able to engage enough men to fulfil their 1948 planting programme of 1500 acres.

The girls come from various occupations. There is a photographic colorist, Barbara Bolton; a photographer's apprentice, Judith Kedge; a former A.W.A.S. captain and social services worker, Pat Ryan, of Rockhampton, Queensland; and a stenographer, Margaret Elder, also from Queensland.

Von Wintle is a milliner who "craved a change and the great open spaces," and Dorothy Lawry, oldest member of the group, is an accountant who has been "telling people for years that Australia should develop its timber industry."

The girls are planting Caribaea pines.

The Caribaea pine, said to be white ant and borer proof, almost self-pruning, and the second best turpentine yielder in the world, originated on the Florida coast of the United States. It is now grown extensively in South Africa, the West Indies, and in the coastal areas of N.S.W. It grows four times faster in Australia than anywhere else.

Its timber is claimed to be equal to oregon for building purposes, and it is excellent for furniture and veneer work.

Some of the girls are becoming fast planters. Soon they intend to choose their best and fastest girl and match her against Gordon Gibson, the speediest man planter on the plantation.

Their working day starts at 7.30 a.m. and finishes at 4.30 p.m., with a break for morning tea and an hour for lunch.

They sleep in double-decker beds on Army palisades, and have a large living-room set off by a deep, brick fireplace, specially built for them by Charles Foster, manager of the plantation and a director of the controlling company.

They have four Army-type shower recesses, for which they heat water in a big copper, and their kitchen is under the control of the head planter's wife, Mrs. Eva McGrath, who cooks for them.

Fourteen years hence the trees should be ready to be felled and to be used in the manufacture of such commodities as textiles, newsprint, timber veneers, gramophone records, non-splinter glass, non-inflammable film, aspirin, vinegar, and sugar.

BABY OF THE GROUP, 16-year-old Joan Burgess (left), and Von Wintle replenish their buckets with tiny trees grown from seedlings. The girls will be engaged in planting from three to five months. Pictures by staff photographer Don Bates.



YEAR-OLD Caribaea pines, grown in the nursery from seeds purchased in South Africa, are tended by Joan Burgess (left) and Pat Barry, of St. George, Queensland.



OLDEST SECTION OF PLANTATION is known as "Black Oaks." When a bushfire raced through the plantation in 1944 it scarcely damaged these Caribaea pines but burnt down other trees. Notice the burnt mahogany stump in the centre.

IN Mr. Williegoode's store there was excitement. A long-distance message had arrived over the telephone for Mrs. Henry Jackson.

It came from New York City, in the form of a relayed telegram, and at the magic words the customers in the store gathered around to be certain of reaping the harvest Mr. Williegoode tried futilely to wave them away.

"Yes, um, I can hear you good," he spoke loudly. "Yes, um, this is Brushy Gap. Who? Oh, Mrs. Jackson lives up the road a right smart piece. What say? Yes, um, I can write down a message for her. . . . Wait a minute! Hold on!"

He shouted into the transmitter, "Wait a minute! I got to get a pencil!"

The customers helped him hunt out pencil and paper, and crowded close as he picked up the dangling old-fashioned receiver.

"From who? . . . Mr—spell it slow—Mr. Arthur Norton. She know him? Oh, you're just sendin' on the message. A telegram. What say? Spell it slow. J-a-c-o-u-e-s. D-u-m-o-n-d. In Minton Friday night. Fire-bird. Thursday night. Don't miss Fire-bird. Also Dumond hopes you will play with him. Call him at Imperial Hotel."

One of the customers—a lean woman with a long nose—took one look at the message and darted away. She headed straight for the "music cottage" where the strange woman was staying.

She rapped with her hard knuckles at the side of the open front door.

Helen Jackson came to the door and said pleasantly, "How do you do?"

The caller said, "I'm right porely, thank you, ma'am. My kidneys. They been bad some time. What I come for, they's a message for you. They's a big fire in Minton and you're not to miss it. Reckon you best get goin' 'fore it burns out."

Helen said, "Won't you come in? I'm sure there's some mistake. I'm sorry about the fire, but there's nothing or no one in Minton that concerns me personally."

The woman came inside and gave a sniff. She said, "Somebody shore as all get out thought so." She settled herself comfortably in a chair.

"Wish I had the strength to go along with you. I ain't been to Minton, and I'd shore love to see it

Continuing . . . Mountain Prelude

from page 13

afire. I do love a bright fire. Woods burned once when I was a young'un and I ain't never forgot the rippin' and the cracklin'. My, it was fine."

Helen said, "I'm sure Mr. Williegoode will send me the message, if there is one for me. . . . Oh, I am Mrs. Jackson—Helen Jackson."

"I know. You're the lady purely despises young'uns. I heered about you sickin' your dog on 'em."

"Oh, that isn't true, Mrs. . . ."

"Miss Minnie Poppers. A maiden lady I'm thankful to say."

"I really . . . like children, Miss Poppers. And I certainly didn't sick my dog on children or on anyone."

"Ain't the way I heered it. Well, I ain't got much use for young'uns myself. Allus atrompin' across my petuney beds. Caint say as I keer for dogs, neither. Passed your dog on the road, along with one o' them orphan boys. Boy didn't seem skeert of him."

The conversation was out of Helen's hands and over her head. She was relieved by another sharp rap at the door. The caller was a stout middle-aged woman, puffing and blowing from her hurried tramp up the road.

"I'm Miss Golightly, and 'course we ain't met, but I figured 'twere my duty to come tell you—"

She caught sight of Miss Poppers and stiffened. "Might of knowed you'd beat me to it."

Helen said, "Do come in, Mrs. Golightly. This is very kind of you."

The stout woman sailed in and seated herself. "Minnie don't never get nothin' straight, no ways. I come to tell you they's word gentleman friend."

"I beg your pardon?"

Mrs. Golightly wagged her head. "Comin' to tell you don't signify a thing like that has got my approval. I'm a good church woman myself—noticed you wasn't to church Sunday—but live and let live. I allus say, Anyway, he wants you should meet him at the hotel in Minton and fool around with him."

Miss Minnie said, "That ain't what

I read, a-tall. 'Twas about a fire in Minton. Likely some of her kin-folks burned up in it, and she was to set right off."

Helen said, "Please, ladies! This is all most peculiar. I don't know anyone in Minton, and I do not have a gentleman friend."

The two callers forgot their disagreement and lifted their eyebrows at each other.

Mrs. Golightly said comfortably, "Don't you fret about me tellin' it. Secrets is safe with me as the tomb."

The third caller did not stop to knock. She was a little grey mousy woman in striped calico and a white apron, her hair pulled back tight and knotted on top of her head.

BUTCH



from your

She walked in and bobbed her head to the previous pair.

"Recognised your voices," she chirped. "Could of saved me the trip, did I know you'd come." She turned to Helen. "I'm Miss Snippet. They fetch you the message?"

Helen said, "There seems to be some misunderstanding about it. Can you tell me exactly what it is?"

"Well, ma'am, not exactly. I caint read, and I didn't altogether get the straight of it. But some-

thin' turrible has happened, and it's to do with you. New York's afire, they say, and it's like to spread to Minton." She nodded in satisfaction.

"Feller name of Arthur," she went on, "said somebody name of Jakes was playin' him a game and seems to of got ketched in it and wants you should come get him right away."

Helen might have lost her mind if Jock and Jerry had not arrived at that moment, Jock carried the mysterious message carefully in his mouth.

Jerry said, "Jock was bound he'd tote the message to you. Mr. Williegoode said it must of taken two days to get the telegram phoned through to Brushy Gap."

Miss Poppers said, "Lawsamighty, Minton's burnt to the ground!"

Mrs. Golightly said, "And Jake's with it."

Helen read the message. It had taken Mr. Williegoode a long time to copy it out on a sheet of butcher paper. All the details were there; by telegram from New York, Wednesday morning, relayed by telephone to Brushy Gap, care of Willie B. Williegoode.

Her concert manager, Arthur Norton, had tried, as she had requested, to inform her in time of a symphony concert not too far away, on Thursday, and of a piano concert given by her professional acquaintance, the great pianist Jacques Dumond, in the same city on the next night.

The day was now Thursday. Helen laughed uncontrollably. The three visitors sat agape on the edges of their chairs.

She read the message aloud, slowly, and explained at length, "I am a musician. I play the piano in concerts. That is, I used to. I asked my manager to let me know if any good music came to a city anywhere near here." She was extremely anxious to make the matter quite clear.

NOBODY made a comment, so Helen went on explaining. "The 'Fire-bird' is the name of a piece of music. I'd like to have heard it to-night, but, you see, I can't make it now. Jacques Dumond is a famous pianist. He was kind enough to want me to play a number on his programme."

Still no one spoke. "I shan't do it, because I'm out of practice," Helen went on. "But I do think I shall drive to Minton to-morrow to hear him. I shall telephone him at his hotel and thank him for his courtesy." Her eyes twinkled. "He is a very old man."

The visitors did not stir. Helen said, "Thank all of you so much for coming. It was most neighborly of you. Will you have a cup of tea before you go?"

They exchanged glances, and rose like puppets on a string.

Mrs. Golightly spoke for the three. "Reckon not, thank you kindly. Gettin' on to suppertime. Well, good day. Hope the music pleases you."

"Good-bye. And do come again." They filed outside with dignity, and Helen laughed until she was faint. The deflated trio picked their way down the stony road.

Mrs. Golightly summed it up. "Like Mr. Williegoode said when she come, she ain't right in the head. Drivin' plumb to Minton to hear a feller play the pianny, and music free on the radio. The Turkey Creek Trio caint be beat."

Mrs. Snippet said timidly, "I didn't see no radio to her house. Mebbe she ain't got one."

Miss Poppers said, "She could set in with somebody and listen to theirs."

Mrs. Golightly said, "Like as not she's got another reason, wantin' to go to Minton. A good reason. I allus say, where there's smoke, there's fire."

They nodded wisely.

To be continued

Your Coupons

TEA: 21-22 (21-22 expire July 11, when 23-24 become available). BUTTER: 23-24 (23-24 expire July 11, when 25-27 become available).

Reflections of a lovely mother . . .

BABY'S first little smile . . . the day she said "Ma-ma" . . . that exciting moment of standing alone. Carol needs no diary to record such precious moments—they are engraved upon her memory for all time. The wonder of this little girl—hers to cherish and bring to gentle womanhood! Already she is taking the most important step to beauty by entrusting that delicate skin to Pears, so pure and mild.



CAROL LEARNED from her own mother that a lovely complexion can be a woman's chief pride, if the soft, tender skin of childhood is safeguarded with Pears. If you want a fresher, younger-looking skin, give it regular care with Pears.



Pears

So pure you can look right into the heart of each tablet.



EVEN IN HER SCHOOL-DAYS Carol's petal-pink complexion made her different . . . as Bob would shyly tell her on the way home—and she thanked Pears for all it had given her in loveliness.



WHEN CAROL AND BOB WERE MARRIED, Pears naturally took its place in their home. And now, what better beauty secret could she pass on to their own little daughter than the purity and gentleness of Pears! There is no soap milder than Pears to guard the flower-like smoothness of your baby's skin.

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

Misery Ends-Immunity Promoted



If you suffer from Catarrh or Bronchitis, take Lantigen 'B', the dissolved oral vaccine. The stuffy, unpleasant symptoms are quickly relieved and your breathing freed. You feel much better in every way because Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the Catarrh germ poisons and builds up bodily resistance

so that immunity, which often lasts for years, is established against them.

Thousands of men, women and children have already proved the effectiveness of the simple Lantigen treatment, and here are personal statements from some of them.



Read this remarkable letter from Mrs. J. Pollett, of 10 Goodhope St., Five Ways, Paddington, Sydney. It brings new hope to thousands of sufferers from Bronchial and Catarrhal complaints.

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself. I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.



"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. "In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.

No injections — no drugs.

I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache.

"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B'. If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."



Hope for all sufferers in this remarkable case history of John A. Erpel, 10 Matthew Street, Lane Cove, returned soldier and Sydney plumber.

"The whole world should know of the wonderful healing power of Lantigen 'B'," says Mr. John A. Erpel, in describing his recovery from attacks of Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma and Colds. (These attacks from childhood had made his life a misery and winter-time a dread.)

"After years of suffering," he says, "from Bronchitis, Catarrh, Sinus Headaches and Earaches (during which time I had three sinus operations to no avail), I turned to Lantigen 'B' at the start of this year.

"I have not had the slightest attack this winter of any of my old troubles and I am convinced I can control these for all time.

"It is difficult to put in words how much this means to me. Once I approached every winter with dread, knowing that night after night I'd sit packed up with pillows and racked with coughing.

"During the day, at any time, I might be attacked by Bronchial Asthma. I'd cough and wheeze like an old truck going up a hill. I suffered intensely from Earache and painful Sinus Headaches. It was a time of misery for me and for everyone in our house.

"This year I have worked all winter and kept at the peak of good health. I have not even had a cold. I don't cough any more. My head is clear as a bell.

"Lantigen has been responsible for the benefits which have come to me."



Lantigen 'B' eases breathing.



Taken by mouth—acts immediately



Not only men and women, but children, too, can take Lantigen 'B' confidently. The case stated below shows it may be safely given to even the youngest children. Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Q'land.

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



Improves general health.

Medical Opinion on Oral Immunisation

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal, of February 13, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked." And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, say: "The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."



Louis Pasteur—Father of Immunisation.

Taken by Mouth—Acts Immediately

Ask your chemist today for

Lantigen 'B'

THE ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN IMMUNISATION TREATMENT

FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Treats First—Then Immunises

NO NEED FOR YOU TO SUFFER

Yes, you can get wonderful relief from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus or Antrum infections—relief

from the misery these conditions cause you—just by taking a few drops of Lantigen 'B' in water at bedtime.

DOUBLE BENEFIT

First—TREATMENT:

Lantigen 'B' brings prompt relief—relieves coughing—frees stuffy noses, eases tight Bronchial Congestion and Catarrhal Headaches—lets you breathe freely once again—lets you sleep peacefully—builds up your health.

Second—IMMUNITY:

Because it is a vaccine it builds up resistance to the germs which cause your trouble, neutralises their poisons and immunises against their return, sometimes for years.

Scientifically Prepared

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by highly skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. You need no injections because Lantigen 'B' is easy to take—by mouth—in water—on retiring. It contains NO DRUGS and is perfectly safe for young or old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or other organs and does not interfere with other

treatments. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. This is little indeed to pay for the genuine long-lasting benefit Lantigen 'B' can, so readily, bring to you—just as it has done to so many thousands of others who suffered from Catarrhal and Bronchial infections.

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY



COUNTRY WEDDING. Bob Fagan, of Yatta, Bellata, and Tamworth, with his bride, formerly Clare Byrnes, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Clare is daughter of Mr. Vince Byrnes, of Rimini, Manila, and Mrs. M. Byrnes, of Kingsgrove. Couple will make their home at Rimini until they can build own home.

Intimate Gittings

GALA premiere of Old Vic Company this Tuesday at Tivoli will bring forth best bib and tucker among those lucky people who have managed to secure tickets to see brilliant company and popular stars Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier.

"School for Scandal" is choice of play for first night, and I understand Lady Olivier's gowns will outshine those worn by first-nighters "in front."

Governor-General (Mr. McKell) and Mrs. McKell will come from Canberra to attend premiere with their two daughters, Pat and Betty. Pat's fiancé, Brian Lucas, and A.D.C. to Mr. McKell, Lieut. Smyth, will complete Vice-Regal party.

The State Governor, General Northcott, Mrs. Northcott, and their daughter Elizabeth have accepted invitations to be present at the second opening night this Friday to see "Richard III."

President of Australian Drama League, Mr. Justice Nicholas, and Mrs. Nicholas will also be among first-nighters. Also coming down from Canberra is High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. Barclay, who will bring a party.

Prime Minister Mr. Chifley has also been invited to attend. Others who are expected on first night are the Lord Mayor (Alderman R. J. Bartley) and Mrs. Bartley with their daughter Irene, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Evans, Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. David N. Martin with their daughter Shirley and her fiancé, Desmond Fergusson.

PARTY backstage after performance will be given by British Council for company, and invited guests from audience will meet them. Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Dan O'Connor will also be at first night—Dan is handling tour of Old Vic Company on behalf of British Council. Couple were married few weeks ago in Melbourne. Dan's wife formerly Shirley Grant, of Auckland, New Zealand.

GLIMPSED Major C. Smith, who has just arrived from Hong-kong to settle in Australia, lunching with Captain J. C. Morrow, R.A.N., and Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Roslyn Dibbs and her daughter Rosemary, and Commander "Lofty" Ward, R.A.N.



WELCOME HOME. Mrs. Muriel Mackay (left) entertains her sister, Lady Mackay, Sir Iven Mackay, and their daughter Alison at party at her flat when they arrive in Sydney in Strathaird. Sir Iven was first Australian High Commissioner in India.



SWEDISH CELEBRATION. Marianne Stenstrom and her brother, Lennart Stenstrom, at party at Australia Hotel given by Minister for Sweden, Mr. C. Lundquist, for King Gustaf's 90th birthday.

POPULAR Melbourne bachelor medico Dr. Ian Mackay has gay farewell dinner-party at Prince's before he steps on plane for England, which is to take him on first lap of journey to new job. Ian, who is son of Dr. and Mrs. Eric Mackay, of Toorak, Melbourne, was formerly superintendent of Albury District Hospital until receiving appointment to take up duties with Commonwealth Migration Office attached to Australian Military Mission in Berlin.

Sydney friends Mr. and Mrs. Clive Carney entertain Ian and his mother, Mrs. Mackay, who makes trip from Melbourne to see her son off. The Carneys' son, Clive, and daughter, June, also at party.



UNIVERSITY GRADUATES WED. Allan Williams and his bride, formerly Jean Tunks, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, after marriage. Allan is only son of the Alan Williams, of Werrington Park, Werrington.



ARMIDALE INTEREST. Roy Forsyth and his bride, formerly Patricia Burton Bradley, after their marriage at St. Paul's Church, Burwood. Attendants Valda Callaghan, Joy Harvey, Sheila Bennett, and bridegroom's brothers, Keith and Bill Forsyth, and Beau Richardson, of Armidale. Roy, who is third son of Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, of Armidale, is secretary of local picnic race club.



BALL COMMITTEE. Betty Cavanagh, Mrs. J. Christie, Mrs. R. J. Speight, and Mrs. A. F. Burne, who are members of St. Vincent's College Ex-students Union, have planned annual debutante ball for July 19 at college hall. Proceeds will aid library fund.

LOTS of country folk from Bathurst way attend wedding of Kathleen Moses, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moses, of Kurraba, and Alec Webb, when they marry at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Alec is second son of the O. S. Webbs, of Glanville, Bathurst, and couple will make their home there after ceremony. Betty James and Alec's sister Marjorie are bridesmaids. Kathleen's brother Tom and Alec's brother Peter best man and groomsmen. Guests entertained at reception at Ranchiff following ceremony.

SUDDEN and very welcome offer of flat at Potts Point alters long-range plans of Neroli Catchlove and Ralph Jobson for spring wedding. They promptly accept flat and bring forward wedding date. Neroli chooses St. Clement's, Mosman, for ceremony, and has stitches are hastily sewn to complete lovely white satin full-skirted gown and three-tiered veil for occasion.

AS America's Independence Day falls this year on a Sunday, American community in Sydney put day's celebration back to the Monday, July 5, and make gala plans for ball at Trocadero. Chairman of the ball committee, Mr. C. N. Van Epps, and Mrs. Van Epps issue invitations for official table.

ITLL be a case of the early booker catching the best table for the Palm Beach Surf Life Saving Club's annual winter dance. Only 300 guests can be accommodated, so members better scurry and arrange their parties before it's too late. Feature of dance will be a popular girl competition run on the lines of American cut - in dance. Winner will be given a bathing costume as prize.



INTERNATIONAL BALL. Younger set members of United Nations' Association International Ball, Shirley Grey, Maura Houghton, Evelyn McVitty, and Pat Mans (seated) are working hard for success of ball which will be held at Trocadero on July 1.



GRAND OPERA chorus members, Alison McGuire, Patricia Laanen, and Beth Cuskey, all from Sydney, rehearse for Grand Opera season in Melbourne.



Home studies of screen stars

JOAN FONTAINE and her husband, William Dieter, spend a sunny afternoon in the garden of their Hollywood home. "Letter From An Unknown Woman" is Joan's latest film for Universal.

GRETA GYNT, Norwegian star, relaxes at her London flat after the completion of her comedy-drama, "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" in which she appears.

MARIA MONTEZ and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont (below), are making their first co-starring appearance in the United Artists release "Atlantis."



ROBERT RYAN, RKO star, watches the reactions of his young son Timothy to a ride in a model fire-cart, which was a birthday gift from his parents. Ryan's next film is "Berlin Express," which was made in Germany. Merle Oberon co-stars.



Not a shadow of a doubt...

You're poised and self-assured... because you *know* the special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines... keep your secret safe. To make the most of Kotex comfort, ask for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt, Wonderform 2/6 or Featherweight 1/3... adjustable, all-elastic, snug-fitting.



WOMEN
EVERYWHERE
PREFER KOTEX



3/100

FOR EXTRA SMOOTH WRITING choose the PEN that's guaranteed



- Waterman's pens have been guaranteed for over 60 years and are still guaranteed.
- Wide range of 14-carat handground nibs—flexible or firm—to suit every style of handwriting.
- One-stroke filling action ensuring maximum ink capacity.

Waterman's Pens, Pencils & Inks

Waterman Pen Co. Ltd. "The Pen Corner"

41 Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Agent for Aust.: Collier Bros., Stationers Pty. Ltd.,
23-29 Montmore Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.



Evan Williams Shampoos

These famous genuine English Shampoos are now available in limited quantities

A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE

H. G. TURNLEY & SON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIAN AGENTS

The Bride Goes Wild



2 ILLUSTRATIONS for children's book written by Gregory Rawlings (Van Johnson) have won job for Martha.

Comedy role for Van Johnson

VAN JOHNSON and June Allyson have the gayest roles of their careers in MGM's comedy romance of a happy-go-lucky author and a prim country artist.

Butch Jenkins provides the highlight scene when he lets loose a colony of ants among a wedding party and complete confusion results.

The film was directed by Norman Taurog and produced by William H. Wright.

Una Merkel in a feature part has her first role for several years.



1 FAREWELL to Martha Terryton (June Allyson) by Bruce Johnson (Richard Derr), as she leaves for New York.



3 AT CAFE, Gregory introduces unsophisticated Martha to gay life of New York and to her first cocktail.



4 RECOVERING from cocktails, prim Martha feels Gregory is unsuitable writer of children's books. Publisher McGrath (Hume Cronyn) and secretary (Una Merkel) tell her Gregory leads gay life to cover matrimonial troubles.



5 UNTRUE STORY about bachelor Gregory forces McGrath to search for mischievous boy to pretend he is Gregory's son, and to win Martha's sympathy. He finds Danny (Butch Jenkins) at an orphanage and takes him to meet Martha.

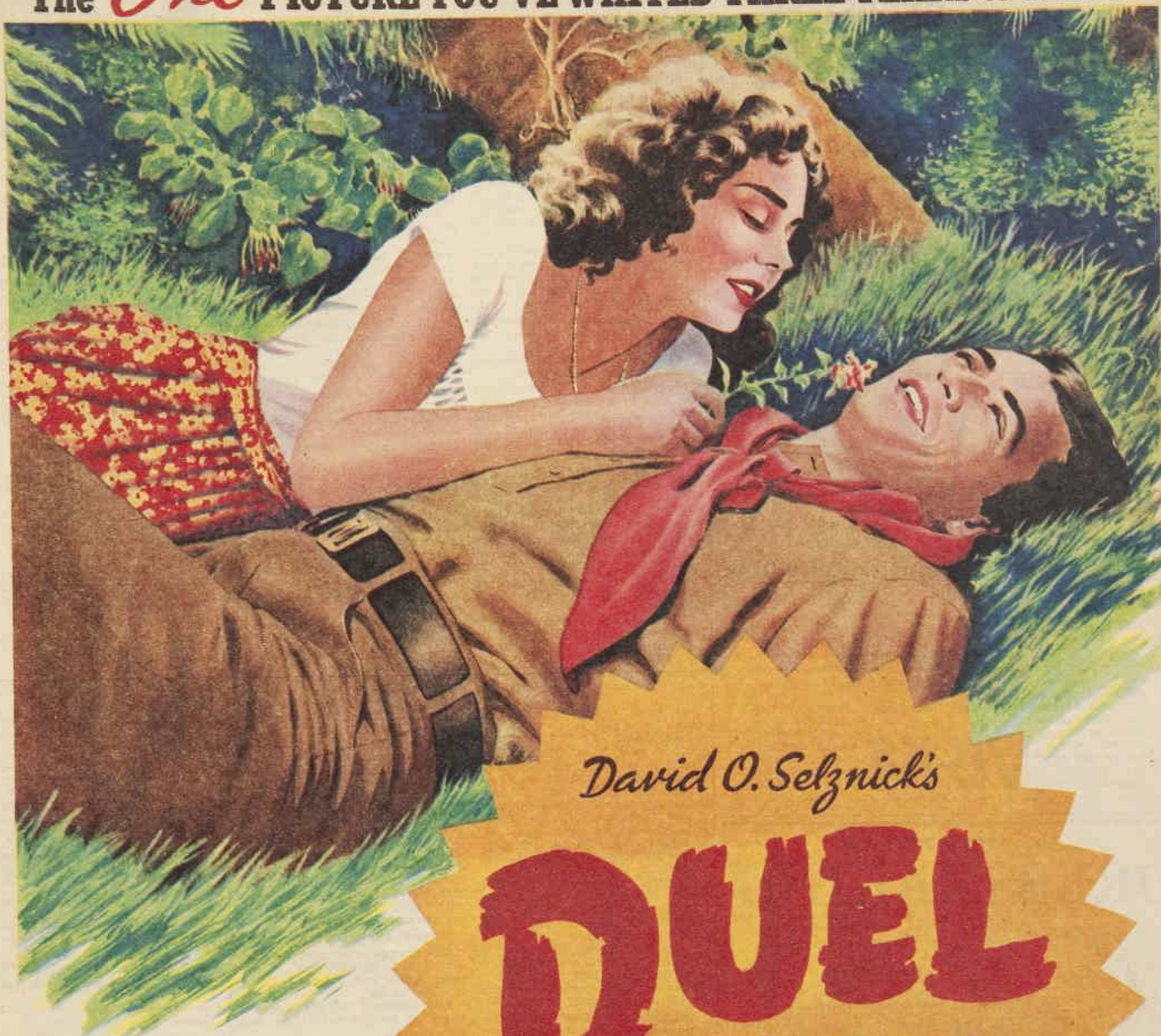


7 EMBARRASSMENT comes for Gregory when, after he falls in love with Martha, his former girl-friend Tillie (Arlene Dahl) arrives. Martha angrily leaves, taking Danny too.



8 BOYISH PRANK by Danny delays Martha's wedding to Bruce long enough for Gregory to arrive and persuade Martha to marry him when she hears the truth.

The *One* PICTURE YOU'VE WAITED THREE YEARS to SEE..



David O. Selznick's

DUEL in the SUN

in Technicolor

The Torrid Romance of Pearl Chavez... A Woman Made by the Devil to Drive Men Crazy.

starring

JENNIFER JONES
GREGORY PECK
JOSEPH COTTEN

LIONEL BARRYMORE • HERBERT MARSHALL
LILLIAN GISH • WALTER HUSTON
CHARLES BICKFORD

With a Cast of 2,500

Directed by KING VIDOR

Distributed by
SELZNICK RELEASING ORGANIZATION PTY. LTD.

Australian Distribution by
BRITISH EMPIRE FILMS

SUITABLE
ONLY FOR
ADULTS

"DUEL IN THE SUN" .. 4 WORDS that SPELL DRAMATIC DYNAMITE!

COLDS

GET BETTER FASTER!



WHEN YOU FIGHT THEM BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

There's no waiting for relief when you rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. And how children love it!

FIGHTS COLDS INSIDE

INHALED VAPOURS released by body warmth and breathed in, start to clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and relieve coughing the very minute VapoRub is applied. And—

FIGHTS COLDS OUTSIDE

LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub starts immediately to work on the skin, warming away tightness and pain and "drawing out" congestion.

This "inside-outside" action works for hours... while the child sleeps comfortably. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS

VAPORUB

1,500 FREE BOOKS ON DRESSMAKING



Learn Dressmaking at Home—This New Easy Way!

NOW you can test this really wonderful course of Dressmaking in your own home, give it any trial you like, and if it doesn't quickly make you an accomplished dressmaker capable of making the latest frocks, suits, coats, etc., it won't COST YOU ONE PENNY! But please hurry! This offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation. All you have to do is post the coupon TO-DAY!

Lovely Dresses for Yourself, and Clothes for the whole Family.

YOU do want smart, attractive clothes, don't you? Of course you do—things with style and originality; but when shopping for them you find it practically impossible to get a frock within your means, or one that isn't duplicated at least a dozen times when you walk down the street. But still it is possible for YOU to be the smartest dresser in your town. It is possible for you to make clothes for all your loved ones—and YOU'RE SAVING MONEY all the time. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Send for this splendidly illustrated Free Book, "How to Design, Cut, and Make Smarter Clothes." It tells you how. But you must hurry.

WHAT THIS SPLENDID BOOK IS ALL ABOUT!

- * How to Make Lovely Clothes.
- * How to make Clothes for the Family.
- * How to make and Save Money Through Dressmaking.
- * How to Save Coupons.
- * How to Make Clothes to Suit Your Personality.
- * How to Learn Everything About Dressmaking—this New, Easy Way.
- * Dressmaking as a Career, etc., etc.

THIS BOOK IS FOR YOU!

Hurry Coupon for Your Copy!

FOR a limited period the Dunlich School of Dressmaking, Dept. 7, 24 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W., is offering absolutely FREE this book, entitled How to Design, Cut, and Make Smarter Clothes.

This wonderful book will show you how to cut and make perfect-fitting garments for any figure, how to adapt all the very latest styles to suit your own individual requirements; how to buy better materials; and how to finish your clothes just like a professional dressmaker would.

The Dunlich School of Dressmaking, Dept. 7, 24 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. Send me by return mail your FREE BOOK all about Dressmaking. I enclose 2/6d. in stamps.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ 5/7/48

Just Drop in Any Time

Continued from page 9

WELL, there it was, and Sunday dinner was still in the future! For one sickening instant Peggy thought of Mildred, and her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth. Then she saw that Dick was watching her, that he looked worried. Did he suspect that his mother was not welcome?

In panicky haste she said, "Of course I won't mind. You know we're always glad to have you."

Their voices rose in happy Bronson clamor, filling the house and making it seem like their house instead of hers.

"I think Dick ought to get a new suit," Carlotta was saying. "I loathe that blue one he's wearing."

"He has never looked well in blue," Grandma said.

Dick glanced at his watch and rose. "Sorry," he said, "but I have to look at some papers. See you later." He crossed the hall to the library and closed the door.

"But he shouldn't be working on Saturday afternoon!" Mother cried indignantly.

"Dick has been very unsocial all week," Grandma said.

Peggy gritted her teeth. There was Dick in the library, struggling, she supposed, with some painful problem. Could she go in and find out what it was? Not unless she wanted three other Bronsons to follow her.

The telephone rang and she picked it up. It was a telegram. She scribbled it on the pad and her knees began to tremble.

Carlotta read it over her shoulder. "Arriving Tuesday. Can you put us up. Love, Gertrude."

"How lovely!" Mother's eyes brightened. "We can have a real reunion."

"But I can't possibly take them!" Peggy cried. "The house is full."

"Nonsense, dear. The rest of us are leaving on Monday. It will work out beautifully."

"All right," she said. "I'll be glad to have them."

"Come here, dear," Mother said. "Carlotta has just told me something which you ought to know."

That pitying look was in Carlotta's eyes again. Slowly she said, "I saw Dick at the Chinese Room last night—with a girl."

"What?" Peggy gasped. "I don't believe it! You must have made a mistake."

"Carlotta had a good look at them," Mother said. "The girl is a pretty blonde. Now, dear, you mustn't take this too hard. You know how men are."

Peggy sat frozen. Of course it was absurd. Dick wouldn't do a thing like that. Dick loved her.

Then she saw those three pairs of eyes watching as if in pity.

And suddenly Peggy's safe little world seemed to explode around her. She found herself alone in an immense cold emptiness, such as she had never imagined.

"I'm sure you can keep him if you make the effort—" Mother was saying.

Keep him? Peggy's eyes opened and her teeth clicked together. So now, in typical Bronson fashion, they were blaming it all on her. She was supposed to lure him back with satin housecoats and new hair-dos. She, his wife, who had ruined her fingernails and her disposition taking care of his family while he was out with a blonde!

Well, she wouldn't do it. Not she. If that was the kind he was, she didn't want him.

"Grandma, look!" Joey was shouting. He tried to stand on his head, fell, and clutched at Carlotta's knee.

Carlotta shrieked. "You bad boy! You've smeared chocolate all over me!"

She slapped him, and Joey howled. Peggy rose to her full five feet two inches. She gathered her howling offspring in her arms and held him tight. Her world was rubble and ashes, but at least she still had Joey. And from now on she was going to look after him.

"Carlotta," she said, "if you ever

slap my child again, I will slap you."

"What?" Carlotta gasped. Mother was shocked. "Why, really, Peggy—"

"Don't bother to unpack those bags," Peggy told her. "You'll sleep in your own house to-night, no matter how frightful it is, and so will Grandma and Carlotta. And so will Gertrude and that unspanked brat of hers when they get here."

"What?" They were all staring at her.

Peggy looked at those handsome horrified faces and suddenly she felt a wonderful sense of freedom and exhilaration. It was exactly like her dream.

In a firm voice she said, "You eat too much, Grandma. And you, Carlotta, are the worst spoiled woman I have ever met. As for you, Mother Bronson, it's time you learned that a mother-in-law's place is in her own home. You're through camping out in my house."

Still clutching Joey, she strode into the hall, where she bumped into Dick. His face was something to see. She shoed Joey outdoors and stalked upstairs to her room.

There her exhilaration left her swiftly. What had she done? Individually and brutally she had insulted the members of Dick's family. In five minutes she had destroyed the work of years.

Clutching at the shreds of that wonderful sense of freedom, she tried to tell herself that it didn't matter. Of course it wouldn't matter if she was through with Dick. But was she through with him? It took her only a second to realise that she was not. She was a one-man woman and Dick was it.

Cold and terrified now, she faced the appalling facts. A dozen satin housecoats couldn't help her now. She had done the unforgivable. Her knees gave way and she fell on the nearest bed.

A long time later the door opened. "Have you cooled off?" a voice asked.

Peggy lifted her damp and swollen face. With horror she saw that the husband she had lost actually looked cheerful.

"Go away!" she cried.

Dick sat on the bed beside her. "The trouble with women," he said slowly, "is that they jump to conclusions. The wrong ones. That blonde Carlotta saw is our new personnel director. She's been working so hard that Mr. Randall was afraid she might quit. He asked me to take her out and feed her—"

"What?" Abruptly Peggy sat up.

Dick grinned at her, and there was something in his dark eyes—something warm and wonderful which belonged to her.

And suddenly all the scattered pieces of Peggy's world flew back into place.

"Oh, darling—" She flung her arms around his neck. "I'm sorry! I should have known—"

She was shedding tears of happiness when she remembered the rest of it. "Dick!" Her voice was sharp with fear. "Your family—did—did you hear—?"

"Hear? Nobody in this house could help hearing." He chuckled. "Why didn't you tell them that a year ago?"

"Wh—what?" Peggy whispered.

"My sweet-tempered wife," Dick said tenderly, "did it never occur to you that a man might get tired of living in a house full of women? Tired of hearing about his suits and ties and where was he at 9.55 last evening? Well, he gets that way, even when he happens to be fond of them. I thought—" he looked at her—"I thought when I had a wife she'd keep them in their places. I thought women knew how. When they all moved in and started the same thing here, I just had to make excuses—"

"What?" Peggy cried. "Oh, Dick, why didn't you tell me?"

Suddenly they were both laughing. They collapsed on the bed, shrieking helplessly.

(Copyright)



Rainbow

Still the greatest triumph, is that lovely red tinted Cyclamen, Escapade "RAINBOW."

Lips are eloquent with beauty when wearing "Rainbow," and you can be happy, too, in knowing Escapade gives a perfect lipline.

ESCAPADE

the thoroughbred of LIPSTICKS

Escapade is made under licence and from the formula of America's largest cosmetic manufacturer of New York and Hollywood.

Sketching is the hobby that pays!

Would YOU like to take a Staff Position or open your own Studio and sell Sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous training, STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and Lucrative Profession, in your own home.

Stott's Correspondence College
100 Russell St., Melb.; 149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide; 254 Murray St., Perth.

Post This Coupon — Cut Here.
To STOTT'S (Nearest Address). Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of your Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and Sketching.

My Name _____ Address _____ A.W.W.1348 _____ Age _____

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains anthelmintic, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP
Distributed by: Potter & Birks Pty., Ltd., Sydney.



Harbutt's Plasticine
- the original and best modelling material

Fashion FROCKS



Judith Ann

Peter

"JUDITH ANN" and "PETER."

Snug dressing-gowns, made of woollen herringbone in dusty-rose, aqua, snow-red, saxe-blue, and wine. Obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

Ready to Wear: Sizes, 4 yrs., 33in. length, 19/9 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra. 6 yrs., 37in. length, 22/3 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra. 8 yrs., 41in. length, 25/9 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra. 10 yrs., 45in. length, 27/11 (4 coupons). Postage 1/6½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 4 yrs., 33in. length, 14/11 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra. 6 yrs., 37in. length, 17/3 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra. 8 yrs., 41in. length, 19/9 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra. 10 yrs., 45in. length, 22/3 (4 coupons). Postage 1/6½ extra.

"JEANNE." A smart skirt in fine lightweight wool boucle. Colors are grey, sage-green, saxe-blue, deep brown, and navy. Obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

Ready To Wear: Sizes, 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 35/9 (3 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 28/3 (3 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.



Jeanne

Patricia

SEND your order for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4092F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Dress Sense

● A design for a tucked wedding dress, a covered-shoulders frock for a debutante, the newest shoulder-line for a suit, and some remarks on skirt widths and lengths are given in my answers to readers this week.

"WOULD you please design a satin wedding dress for me, using tucking as a trimming?" I

would like an unusual style. My figure is by no means perfect, as I have rather sharp square shoulders, and am a little thick around the midriff. I could be classified as a tailored type."

Sketched on this page is a design for your wedding gown. The tucks are manipulated to round the shoulder-line, and to diminish the torso; the shoulder cape effect is new, and, I think, unusual and chic. The halo headpiece is made in white satin to match the wedding dress, with tulle streamers.

Length a problem

"WHETHER to have a black moire silk dress floor-length or street-length is my problem. The frock is to wear to theatres, concerts, and dinners. I would like it to have short sleeves, V-neckline, a long bodice line, and full skirt."

Six inches from the floor is pretty, after dark, when your escort is wearing a black tie or a dark suit. It's a much newer length to wear through dinner, and later, than either a street or full length skirt. But remember with this length hemline it is necessary and pretty to wear a two or three inch heel. You will be in the fashion with a short sleeve, but for spring it will be new to have a very soft shoulder-line, softer than we are wearing now. Lots and lots of the new spring clothes are made without a pad of any type. Have the bodice buttoned up to a collarless v-shaped neckline and reaching just to the hipline, the waistline well nipped in and belted. If your figure is slim, pads round the hipline would look effective. Have the skirt made with plenty of fullness, perhaps all-round unpressed pleats.



● White satin wedding gown with tucked trimming.

Covered shoulders

"I WONDER if you would help me select a style for a debutante dress? The dress is to be made of all-over white lace. I have noticed most evening frocks leave the shoulders bare, but unfortunately I cannot wear the design, because I am badly freckled on the back and chest. Would it be correct to wear lace mittens or gloves? Also would an ankle-length skirt be smarter than floor-length?"

Have your dress made with a high-necked top and billowy skirt, the bodice finished with a shallow collar, and half-sleeves made just to cover the top of your arms. The shoulder-line could be soft and gently sloped with just enough padding to give you a graceful line if you require this. Make a full-length flared skirt tiered three times to make it billow out stiffly. It's prettier for dancing than ankle-length. The waistline could be well fitted, and circled with a wide ribbon sash, finished with a clump of pink cabbage roses. Wear long gloves reaching to above-elbow length. They are newer than mittens.

Slim silhouette

"WOULD you please tell me if a slim skirt and a longish jacket would be fashionable for a suit, and what is the latest shoulder-line? I am 36 years of age, and really feel that I am not the type or age for one of the new full-cut skirts at present being worn."

This season, when it comes to the widths of skirts and the length of a jacket, you can take your choice. Skirts can be straight as a stem or as wide as a whole circle. However, I am of the opinion that no skirt shape can better the narrow skirt; it's a staying fashion, especially for

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

the woman who has reached her middle thirties. The latest shoulder-lines curve gracefully and gently. It's a slightly narrower line than those worn last season, and less padding is used.

Is suit dull?

"I HAVE decided to buy a ready-made suit, but cannot make up my mind what type and what color to get. Would a classic suit of some kind of good-wearing material look dull? I am also bothered about the length of the skirt. If I wear long skirts I feel ridiculous. Would you advise me on these points as soon as possible?"

If the suit is for general day wear, choose a classic design. There is no need for it to look dull. Flannel, tweed, men's wear suiting are all materials that have personality as well as fashion stability. Choose grey for the color, wear it with tan accessories. When you buy the suit, do make doubly sure it fits. A well-chosen suit should last at least three seasons. About the skirt length (and there's no need to accept fashion dictation) keep 13in. from the ground in mind, and then adjust it to your own proportions.

Luxury

BESIDE YOUR BED —

"cindrella"

MOHAIR FLOOR RUGS



Soft depth of luxurious mohair pile for your feet; — long years of protection for your carpet or polished floor — the charm and warmth of a rich colour (there are 15 "cindrella" colours) for your bedroom. . . . Choose your "cindrella" at any good furnishing store.

cindrella

CURLY-PILE MOHAIR

FLOOR RUGS

Australian Representatives:

H. E. QUENHILL & SON, 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

Manufactured by

J. L. TANKARD & CO. LTD., Bradford, England

ENGLISH-MADE



LAVINA

Watches

17 Jewelled movements

RHU PILLS

FOR

Constipation

RHU PILLS

FOR

Rheumatism

For Beauty!

"Coverspot"

Conceals Blemishes"

IT HAPPENS IN **TWO SECONDS**



MAKE THE GLASS OF WATER TEST YOURSELF!

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Within 2 seconds, it starts to disintegrate. That's what happens when you swallow it—hence the quick relief.

Within two seconds after entering 'The Leap' on Switzerland's famous Olympic Run, bobsled teams hit the amazing speed of 85 m.p.h.



And, as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets they're ready to go to work to bring you fast pain relief.

FAST PAIN RELIEF

When Headache, a Cold, 'Flu or any muscular pain or ache is making you miserable, do as millions do—take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets for fast relief. As these millions know, Bayer's Aspirin Tablets work *quickly* . . . actually they are ready to set to work in *two seconds* after you swallow them. The reason is that in their quality manufacture *three* important steps are taken—not just *one*, to ensure two-seconds disintegration.

The single active ingredient of Bayer's Aspirin Tablets is so remarkably effective that doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief . . . it is so wonderfully gentle to the system that mothers give it to small children when doctors advise it. Of all pain relievers, none can match the record of Bayer's Aspirin Tablets of use by millions of normal people—without ill effect.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
GENUINE

BAYER'S ASPIRIN

TABLETS



FREE! Beauty Sachet

containing all six new shades in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. NEW, RICH-WARM TONES

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a lulling new warmth and radiance.

"Brunette"—An smart as a Fifth Avenue store—as new as the new season's fashion shades.

"Mocha"—The rich, new, tawny tanning to glorify your sustained complexion.

"Peach"—A new, wickedly flattering peach-tinted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel"—Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.

"Camellia"—The delicate pinky tone to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

FREE! An exciting Beauty Sachet containing generous TRIAL SIZES OF ALL SIX NEW SHADES in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

Address your envelope to Pond's, Box 11311, G.P.O., Melbourne, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS

P48-2

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE

Friends—invitations—outings!



LEARN AT HOME
Be playing all your favourite tunes and screen hits in a few weeks with a **SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE** costs nothing if not satisfied.

LEARN AT HOME FOR 2/6 WEEKLY

- No scales or exercises.
- No need to be clever.
- Beginners start playing in 30 minutes.

LESSONS INSTRUMENTS

From 2/6 weekly wherever you live for either—

- ★ Hill-billy Guitar
- ★ Banjo Mandolin
- ★ Steel Guitar
- ★ Piano Accordion
- ★ Button Accordion
- ★ Mouth Organ
- ★ Piano
- ★ Ukulele
- ★ Banjo Ukelele
- ★ Violin
- ★ Clarinet

FREE: Write for free catalogue and booklet (state instrument favoured) to—

SAMPSONS, Dept. B
401 Kent St.
Box 4184X, G.P.O., Sydney

Australia's **FOREMOST** School

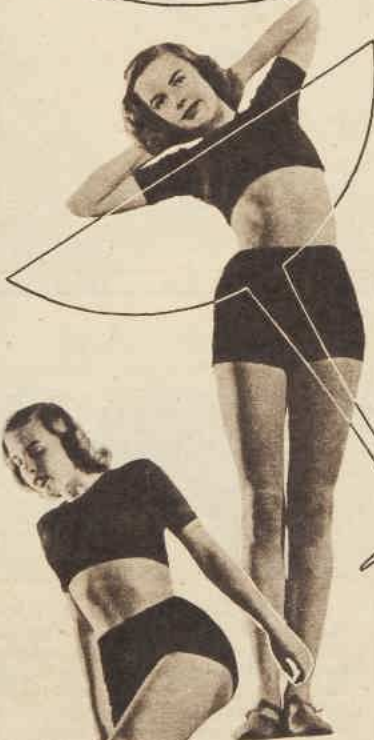
IT'S CHILD'S PLAY

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert



★ American physical-culturist Claire Mann believes that exercises must be interesting, otherwise women will not do them at home.

She therefore planned this series of "mental image" exercises—something to think about while going through routines.



WASHING clothes reduces abdomen. With feet together, hands under chin, bend from waist to imaginary washtub. Swing arms down as far as possible, then forward and up to shoulder level, then down. Return to original position. Repeat 15 times.

CHAMPAGNE GLASS reduces waistline. Imagine yourself as a champagne glass, legs and body the stem; hands behind head, elbows back for top. "Fill up" by pulling up ribs, then "spill over," bending right from waist. Repeat 10 times, alternating right and left.



WALKING ON EGGS to reduce ankles and calves. Rise up on tip-toe, very high. Step round room trying to avoid imaginary eggs on floor. When feet tire, stop. Do for one minute first day, gradually increasing to five. Effort to avoid eggs causes muscle contraction.

PICKING APPLES reduces waistline, helps tone system. Stand on toes, arms upstretched. Imagine you want top-most apple on branch; reach up with right arm, feeling ribs lift. Relax, then reach with left. Repeat 25 times in fast but regular rhythm.



HER FLAWLESS SKIN captured his heart . . . her beauty won him . . . her complexion kept lovely, unblemished, by Rexona Soap. Its silken, gently-medicated lather tones the skin while cleansing away the impurities that cause ugly skin faults. Rexona's gentle medicament is Cady, the exclusive compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Boruyl Acetate—all proven aids in the achievement of complexion loveliness.

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP



X.83.82g

MOUSY BLONDES — FADED BRUNETTES
you can **LIGHTEN** your hair OR you can **DARKEN** your hair
4-6 LOVELIER LUSTROUS SHADES OF YOUR OWN NATURAL COLOUR
with



STA-BLOND for Fair Hair
—MAKES IT LIGHTER

If your once fair hair has already darkened to a "sort of" colour—mousy, fairish, brownish, Sta-blond will make it 4-6 shades lighter, make it a definite "fair" without ugly bleaching. Sta-blond will keep natural fair hair from going dark.

BRUNITEX for Dark Hair
—MAKES IT DARKER

Enriches and deepens the natural colour of darker hair by 4-6 shades—even those "in-between" tones, not quite black nor brown. Brunitex gives definite colour and beauty to unattractive dark brown and black hair—without ugly dyeing.

Both STA-BLOND and BRUNITEX new "Make-up" Shampoos contain the wonderful new discoveries—Lanai, Calopitol and Colocet. These feed back the natural oil into the hair roots, stop "dry scalp" and dandruff, stimulate healthy growth, thickness and beauty—make your hair easy to manage. Wonderful for children's hair. Contain no injurious dyes or bleaches. Try STA-BLOND or BRUNITEX "Make-up" Shampoo today—See what your friends say tomorrow.

STA-BLOND AND BRUNITEX
"MAKE-UP" SHAMPOOS MAKE YOU PRETTIER!

"Copyright applied for, Robert Kouth," 831.3A.

Tea never gave
me a thrill...



till I tasted
Brisk
LIPTON'S!



WHY BRISK



SPECIAL BLENDING SKILL MEANS *Brisk* TEA
Highly trained Lipton specialists blend the finest teas to produce the best possible brew. It was because of this better blending that Lipton Tea became the choice of three Royal families. And, to-day, that same superior blending skill is behind the brisk tea that comes to you in the Lipton packet.



COVETED AWARDS WON BY LIPTON TEA
Careful blending of fine teas from the gardens of Sir Thomas Lipton was responsible for producing the world's finest tea judged at the Great Tea Exposition of India and Ceylon. Lipton Tea has retained that high standard for over 70 years and during that time has won top honours in five great World's Fairs.



BRISK flavour-
never flat

Brisk is the tea expert's word
for the rich full-bodied flavour
found in LIPTON'S



• Potato-thatched meat loaf, potato-lined luncheon casserole, creamed vegetable patties, and scalloped potatoes are the dishes illustrated here. See recipes on this page.

8oz. mashed potato, 2 tablespoons water, 1-cup white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked green peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked celery, 1 or 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, salt and cayenne pepper to flavor sauce.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Work in mashed potato, mix to a dry dough with water. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll to bare 1in. thickness. Cut into rounds with floured 2in. cutter. With a small plain cutter cut half-way through each patty, but do not lift piece out. Place on oven-tray, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Combine all filling ingredients, reheat. Remove tops from hot patties, fill with creamed vegetable mixture. Serve very hot.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

(Good with a grill; or makes a delicious entree prepared with each potato layer covered with finely diced ham.)

Three medium-sized potatoes, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Peel potatoes, slice thinly. Place in layers in greased ovenware dish, dusting each layer lightly with flour, salt, and cayenne. Place milk, margarine or butter, and onion in small saucepan. Heat until shortening melts. Pour over potatoes. Cover, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Uncover, top with grated cheese, bake 15 minutes longer without lid. Serve hot.

STUFFED JACKET POTATOES

(If serving with a casserole, split when tender and spread lightly with butter, pepper, salt.)

Choose even-sized potatoes. Scrub, dry, prick with a fork. Place on tray (or directly on shelf) in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour, according to size. When quite tender split in halves, carefully remove pulp. Mash with salt, pepper, a little butter, and milk. When well creamed, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white for each four potato halves. Refill cases, sprinkle with grated cheese, chopped parsley or paprika. Reheat and brown lightly in hot oven.

To Vary The Filling: Add 1 cup flaked cooked fish (fresh or smoked) and a squeeze of lemon juice to 2 cups potato pulp.

Substitute 1 beaten egg for the egg-white and add 1 teaspoon chopped chives or finely minced onion or shallot.

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup minced ham or tongue and 2 cups potato pulp.

Add 2 tablespoons grated cheese and 2 tablespoons finely diced celery and a little grated onion to each 2 cups pulp.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

(A moist cake with good keeping qualities.)

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 scant cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 squares dark chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mashed potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, ground cloves, nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in melted chocolate, then mashed potato a little at a time, making a smooth batter. Fold in nuts, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out of tin. When cold may be iced and decorated with walnuts.

arine or bacon fat and a little of the apple, onion, meat, and bacon. Pour milk in carefully, pipe balance of potato around edge. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 50 to 60 minutes. Serve piping hot.

CHEESED POTATO PUFFS

(A delicious hot breakfast dish for chilly mornings.)

Two cups mashed potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, tomato slices, parsley to garnish.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Work in mashed potato, making a firm dough—a little milk may be added if necessary. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to 1in. thickness. Cut into 2in. rounds with plain floured cutter. Place a slice of tomato on each of half the rounds. Top with grated cheese, moisten edges. Place remaining rounds on top, press edges together with fork. Deep fry golden brown in fuming fat, drain on paper. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley and tomato wedges.

CREAMED VEGETABLE PATTIES (Make in advance and reheat for fireside supper parties.)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 6oz. good clean fat,

Potatoes

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

spoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 4 cups mashed potato, diced parboiled red or green pepper (or both) to garnish, browned breadcrumbs.

Grease 8in. x 5in. loaf-tin, sprinkle thickly with browned breadcrumbs. Combine meat, vegetables, breadcrumbs, sauce, tomato juice, onion, Worcestershire sauce. Mix well. Fill into prepared tin, bake 1 to 1½ hours in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Turn carefully on to greased oven-tray, coat thickly with mashed potato. Return to moderate oven until reheated and lightly browned. Garnish with red or green pepper, serve in slices with hot greens and wedges of tomato.

POTATO-LINED LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

(Thinly sliced, skinned frankfurts may be used in place of the diced cold meat.)

Three cups mashed potato, 3 cups diced cold meat, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 apple, 1lb. bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or bacon fat.

Grease an ovenware dish, line thickly with mashed potato, reserving some for border. Fill dish with alternate layers of meat, crumbs, diced onion, apple, and bacon. Dust each layer lightly with salt, pepper, and parsley. Finish with a layer of crumbs mixed with melted marg-

POTATO dishes are nourishing and satisfying. As well, they help to eke out the meat ration.

Whenever possible, cook potatoes before peeling them, so that maximum food value is retained.

If you have to peel them before cooking, avoid soaking them in water.

They should be boiled gently, in the smallest quantity of water, or steamed. Save water and use as stock for soup, sauce, or gravy.

Avoid baking potatoes in a closely covered dish—they become sodden. If baked potatoes must be cooked quickly, boil unpeeled for 15 minutes, then drain, dry, peel, cut in halves, and bake in the usual way.

For crisp potato chips, dry thoroughly in a cloth before lowering into smoking hot fat.

POTATO-THATCHED MEAT LOAF (Flaked cooked fish, fresh or smoked, may be substituted for the meat, if desired.)

Two cups finely diced (or minced) cold meat, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup coarsely grated raw carrot, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 dessert-

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 3, 1948

Weather Forecast — Cold biting wind cannot harm you if you take delicious 'OVALTINE' daily. 8 ozs. 2/6, 16 ozs. 4/6.

-And now **LANRAY**

"QUICK-BOILING" WHISTLING KETTLES



in **HEAVY DUTY
ALUMINIUM**

or

**CHROMIUM
PLATED COPPER**

or

**HIGHLY POLISHED
COPPER**

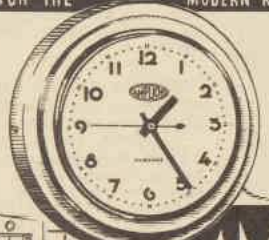
These modern streamlined kettles are of four pints capacity with attractive plastic heat-resisting handles in Black or Green. A large heating surface cuts boiling time to a minimum. Also Aluminium Sauce-pans, Cutlet Pans, Boilers, Steamers, Casseroles, Bread Bins, Colanders, etc.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING STORES

LANRAY INDUSTRIES LTD.

11-19 HARGRAVE STREET, SYDNEY

FOR THE MODERN KITCHEN OR HALLWAY



"Parkway"—nestling in a glossy plastic case of red, white, green, or walnut, is an admirable, silent electric timekeeper for kitchen or hallway. Chrome-plated brass sets off attractive bin. dial. Hands are black; sweep second hand silver. No winding—no regulating. From leading departmental, electrical, radio stores. £3/7/6.

AMPLION
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

AMPLION (A.SIA) PTY. LTD.
36-40 Parramatta Road, Sydney, N.S.W.

50/182



Stuart Crystal

There is nothing to compare with the beauty of glass fashioned by English craftsmen, like the sparkling Trinket Set shown here. Each piece of Stuart Crystal is cut by hand, and bears the Stuart signature. Treat yourself and give your friends these heirlooms of the future.

Stuart and Sons Limited, Stourbridge, England.

Obtainable wherever beautiful glass is sold.

SUGARLESS
honey cake with
lemon filling
tastes just as
good as it looks.
Decorate with
mock cream and
any remaining
lemon filling. See
prize-winning
recipe below.



Wins main prize this week . . .

Sugarless honey cake

FIRST prize this week goes to a spiley honey cake made without sugar, and requiring only one egg.

Creamy lemon filling for this honey cake is also sugarless—sweetening is supplied by condensed milk.

The Windsor tripe recipe may be varied by browning the rolls in a small quantity of hot fat before adding the vegetables and substituting equal quantities vegetable stock and tomato juice for the milk.

Original and unusual recipes are welcomed in this weekly contest—send in your favorite. Attach your name and full address (including State) to each page. Your entry may win you a cash prize.

HONEY CAKE WITH LEMON FILLING

Cake: Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 3 level dessertspoons powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons water, mock cream to decorate.

Sift flour, spice, and powdered milk. Heat honey and margarine or butter until shortening is melted. Beat egg well, add to honey mixture, fold into dry ingredients. Dissolve soda in boiling water, while still effervescing add to mixture, folding in well. Pour into two well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand 2 or 3 minutes before turning out.

Filling: Half tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Mix all ingredients well together, chill until thickened, fill into cooled cake. Decorate top with mock cream and any remaining lemon filling.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Goode, 62 Pleasant Ave., Plympton, S.A.

MARMALADE CRUMB PUDDING

Two cups breadcrumbs (loosely packed when measuring), 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon

grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 pint milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon marmalade, blanched almonds and orange wedges for garnishing.

Heat milk with margarine or butter, when nearly boiling pour on to crumbs, mixing well. Leave until cold. Beat eggs, fold into cold crumb mixture with all other ingredients, mix thoroughly. Pour into six well-greased small moulds. Place in saucepan with sufficient water to come half way up sides of moulds, cover with paper greased on both sides. Place lid on tightly, steam 1 to 1 hour. Turn out, garnish with orange slices and blanched almonds, serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Thorgeron, George St., Moon-ta, S.A.

WINDSOR TRIPE

One and a half pounds tripe, 1lb. lean bacon or ham, 3 onions, salt and cayenne, pinch of herbs, 2 carrots, 1 level dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Wash tripe, scrape underside if necessary, blanch and cook until tender with sufficient water to barely cover, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and 2 slices onion. Drain, cut into 4in. squares. Cover each square with a thin slice of bacon or ham, top with finely diced onion. Roll and tie firmly with string or cotton. Place in large saucepan with carrots, scraped and cut into rings, 1/2 teaspoon salt, balance of sliced onion, and 1 cup water. Cook gently until carrots are tender, 25 to 30 minutes. Drain, reserving liquid, place on serving dish, keep hot. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, salt, and cayenne to taste, cook 1 minute. Add milk and reserved liquid, stir over gentle heat until mixture boils and thickens. Pour sauce over and around rolls, sprinkle liberally with chopped parsley, serve very hot with baked jacket potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. O. Sullivan, 91 Leichhardt St., Brisbane.



THE TANGY FLAVOR of marmalade in these light crumb puddings will be enjoyed by all. Served hot, they are good fare for winter evenings.



DAD
WASHING TABLETS

The new DAD is a revolutionary washing aid. DAD gets to work on the dirtiest of clothes—rids them of all stains and dirt safely and easily. Preserves fabrics and brightens colours.



**Nicest Tasting
Cough, Cold Remedy**

Relieves Quick! Saves Money!

You can save £s on family cough remedy bills by making up, for the amazingly low cost of two shillings, ONE PINT of the famous HEENZCO cough remedy. You simply add sweetened water to concentrated HEENZCO to make up equal to eight bottles of the best ready-mixed medicines for chest and throat ailments.

HEENZCO is guaranteed equally good for children and adults, so regular users always keep a supply of this famous family remedy in the home—ready for use at the first sign of coughs and colds.

Order HEENZCO from your chemist or store to-day.

COSTS 2/-
SAVES £'s **HEENZCO**



I never lose time from work now. These Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.I.A.

FORD PILLS



Now! the **G.E.C.**

DE LUXE
ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER
MODEL DM370

with the *amazing*
**AUTOMATIC
ADJUSTING
CARPET NOZZLE**

The G.E.C. Automatic Adjustment ensures that the cleaner is maintained in the correct relationship to the carpet being cleaned. This ingenious device is an arrangement of springs and a disposition of weights which maintains a light pressure by the nozzle on the carpet, and ensures that the cleaner is always operated in the most efficient position, irrespective of the thickness of the carpet pile.

Cause célèbre... the most up-to-the-minute Electric Cleaner... British made, guaranteed 12 months, backed by sixty years' manufacturing experience... with every modern labour-saving feature.

As in earlier models, the G.E.C. Cleaner eliminates stooping, and... its high-efficiency "Wittan" motor, radio interference suppressor, and powerful suction are features which satisfy discerning taste. With its seven special attachments, the G.E.C. Cleaner is a complete home-cleaning unit!



Call on your nearest distributor of B.G.E. Electric Home Helps for further details. In the absence of a distributor the B.G.E. Showrooms are at your service.

British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd.

(Sole Australian Representatives of The General Electric Co. Ltd. of England)

SYDNEY

NEWCASTLE
PERTH

MELBOURNE
HOBART

ADELAIDE
LAUNCESTON

BRISBANE

B.G.E.

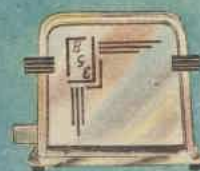
ELECTRIC
HOME HELPS



ELECTRIC RANGE



SINK HEATER



TOASTER



STREAMLINED IRON



ELECTRIC JUG



GENALEX "Dapper" RADIO



Nothing too old or too worn!

BAGS:

- Re-surfaced.
- Re-coloured.
- Repaired.

Eastern Arts exclusive PLASTIC FINISH gives the shabbiest bag the brand-new look it had when you bought it. Which colour do you want it in? White, pastel, navy, black. ANY colour at all—just ask us. Repairs, new plastic handles, new zippers, we do it all. You'll have a bag like new, and the cost is insignificant.

UMBRELLAS REPAIRED. Sparkling new in no time! New handles, centre sticks, ribs, ferrules, etc. Eastern Arts, Repair Depot and Doll Hospital, Her Majesty's Arcade, Castlereagh St. level, and Pitt St., next New Hub.

EASTERN ARTS - REPAIR DEPOT AND DOLL HOSPITAL

- Her Majesty's Arcade, Castlereagh St. level.
- Also at Pitt St., Next New Hub.
- And at Newcastle, 4 Perkin St.

BY MAIL

Send by Parcel Post to 67 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and a Price Quotation will be sent you by return mail.

GLOVES:

- Re-polished.
- Re-dyed.
- Repaired.

You'd swear we'd sent you back NEW gloves when we return yours. The leather looks absolutely unused! Any damage has been 'oh! so cleverly' repaired. The colour you asked for comes as if you'd just chosen it in a shop. Our years of experience do you a job that's a revelation.

DOLLS:

- Re-linked.
- Re-painted.
- Re-created.

At Dolls we're wizards! As Sydney's Doll Hospital we're proud of our achievements, whether it's a missing face, a missing wig, a total wreck, or just a case of a Beauty Treatment, we take Dollies to our hearts and treat them with the loving care they deserve. Give your little girl the surprise of her life!



BASKET OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS pictured above arranged by Mrs. E. T. Binding, who attends the floral art classes at the Sydney Y.W.C.A.



MRS. DONNA TOKOLY, wearing a draped green cocktail hat which she made herself.

For a better home...

TWO thousand women — housewives, business girls, students, and even schoolgirls — attend homemaking classes at the Y.W.C.A. each year.

This year the total will probably be greater. To meet increasing demand, new classes have been formed, and it is now possible to attend these courses on almost any homemaking subject on any week-day morning, afternoon, or evening.

In dressmaking classes, fees for which are 20/- a term, students receive individual instruction in basic drafting, in the use of patterns, elementary and advanced sewing, and in finishing and pressing all kinds of garments. These range from simple slip and scantie sets to bridal finery.

At a parade held recently students acted as mannequins for the evening and day frocks, coats, skating and ski-ing outfits, riding habits, beach clothes, and trousseaus they had made.

Those who learn millinery are taught to design and

block and braid, or, more correctly, to construct hats, renovate and trim them. In a week or two students complete their first creation.

It is not unusual to find some women attending two or three classes at the same time or progressing through all sections of the homemaking division.

Pottery classes are usually booked out in advance. Separate sessions are arranged for beginners and for the more advanced pupils. Styling, modelling, and decoration are studied. Some beautiful pieces of pottery have been shown by students in exhibitions.

There are not many facilities for learning the art of flower arrangement, so the Y.W.C.A.'s term of ten-weekly classes is in great demand.

Choice of flowers, color schemes, methods of wiring and arranging, making up posies, bouquets, baskets, wreaths, table decorations are in the curriculum.

For leather work and glove making students are taught how to select flawless skins, and how to stretch and to cut them, so that the finished article will not lose its shape.

Pruning rose bushes

PRUNING of bush roses in late winter is necessary for several reasons.

The judicious thinning of wood and cutting or shortening back preserves the vigor and health of the bushes, which produce finer blooms the following season.

The best time of the year to prune is from the middle of July to mid-August. In very cold districts, the job can be left till even later.

Hybrid teas should be treated from the bottom up, taking out all dead, weak, and spindly growths. If grown close together they will be better for cutting back about half-way, but if more growth is required, treat them a bit easier—say, one-third cut. Tea roses are treated similarly with regard to dead and weak growth removal. Thinning out of this somewhat vigorous type is important.

Fernatiana roses are soft-wooded and subject to several diseases which can be communicated by dirty tools. Sterilise knives and secateurs in disinfectant before using, and exercise great care when performing the operation. Never cut away healthy growths beyond shortening the branches.

Take out dead and spindly growths, and, as in all cases of bush roses, cut to an outward pointing eye or shoot, unless it is needed to fill an otherwise ugly gap in the

growth. Polyantha roses should be merely trimmed when flowering is finished—and made shipshape.

Climbing roses need very little pruning when compared with dwarf and bush types, but there is usually much worn-out and dead wood that must be removed. By training them horizontally and shortening the old flowering laterals, good blooms will usually be produced the next year.

Our Home Gardener.



TYPICAL BUSH ROSE at end of season, showing spent stems, spindly growths, and dead wood. (Left) Same bush after expert pruner has cut back to outward pointing buds, showing how spent stems, dead wood, and spindly, unwanted growth have been removed.

Go Everywhere...
Go merrier

with MEDS safe internal protection

For safety and comfort, you can rely with complete confidence on Meds—the Modess tampon. In boxes of 10, with or without applicators.



The Modess Tampon
PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS



How Smart

Smart women in step with every bright occasion, bring back those lovely high lights with Napro Blending Emulsion. Not a harsh bleach.

Napro
BLONDING EMULSION

AT CHEMISTS, SALONS AND STORES



BLEMISHES

Spots, roughness and soreness mar the beauty of skin and complexion! Use Cuticura Soap regularly—its antiseptic and medicinal properties make and keep the skin exquisitely smooth and charming. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura
SOAP



(ABOVE) Mrs. Gladys Abbot, student at Y.W.C.A. pottery classes, putting the finishing touches to a vase before it is sent away for glazing.

(RIGHT) Iona Ruddock wearing spring blouse, gay circular skirt, and braided straw hat and sandals. Iona attends most of the homemaker classes at the Y.W.C.A. Hat, sandals, and flower-basket materials: cost her 10/-.



MISS MORNA HUGHTON, publicity officer of the Y.W.C.A., holding a leather purse. Examples of pewter, hand-painting, leatherwork are in the foreground.



EXAMPLES of pottery made by Gladys Abbot, Brenda Jackson, and Winifred Fleet in the advanced pottery classes. Designs are most attractive, particularly the cocktail set with its grape-and-leaf motif. The doll with its floral skirt was made by Mrs. E. T. Binding. Real flowers are mounted on a wire foundation.

MILESTONES IN BABY'S LIFE

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A NEWBORN baby is an individual in his own right, and no two babies are alike.

One baby will sit up alone at six months, another may not attempt to do so until he is nine or ten months or more. One baby will walk at nine months and another may not walk alone until he is 15 to 18 months.

One toddler may put words into sentences very early, and another may not attempt sentences until he is three or four years or even older. Yet with all this variation in stages of de-

velopment each child may be perfectly healthy and normal.

The fascinating subject of your baby's progressive physical and mental development, with other aspects of its physical and mental health, is fully explained in the book "You and Your Baby."

A copy of this comprehensive book can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a postal note for 7/6 and 4d. for postage is enclosed with the order.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the vitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 8/4), from Hallams Pty. Ltd., 217 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 279 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 57A Rundle St., Adelaide.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE
take HEARNE'S and
STOP COUGHING!!



NEW! "IT'S A MINIATURE KITCHEN"



A boon to Nursing Mothers and Travelers. Ideal for occupants of Apartments, Flatettes, Bachelor Flats, Guest Houses, Private Hotels and Offices.

Just plug in and use as a saucepan to heat water, boil eggs or cook vegetables. Additional attachments enable you to perform an amazing variety of other cooking chores. The "UNIBRA" Electric MULTI-JUG is soundly constructed of brilliantly polished aluminium, has a first quality electric element and is FULLY GUARANTEED.

STEAMING JACKET

Insert in jug to make custard, porridge—heat soup, stew, milk, etc.



PERFORATED STEAMING JACKET

Cooks food in wet steam (vegetables, beans, certain meats.)



COFFEE PERCOLATOR

Makes really delicious coffee. Complete percolation assured.



EGG POACHER

Poaches three eggs at once by using two trays and bottom of Steaming Jacket.



AMAZING!
'UNIBRA' Electric
MULTI-JUG
Compact! Handy! Convenient!

Available at all Hardware and Electrical Stores
Distributed by TYLOR'S (Australia) PTY. LTD. 17a Bridge Street, Sydney

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!
Read how many sufferers from backache, aching joints, loss of energy and disturbed nights have found happy relief.



NO MORE ACHING JOINTS

Many sufferers have discovered that the real cause of their rheumatic pains lies in tired kidneys, and that Doan's Backache Kidney Pills give happy relief through helping the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous wastes from the blood. This is how Doan's may relieve your troubles too. The kidneys work day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous wastes. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

For happy relief, ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant, diuretic, manufactured under highest standards of purity and used successfully by millions for over 50 years.

DOAN'S
BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS



Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co., Buffalo, New York; London; Sydney.
DP1/R/7

The finishing touch to enjoyment...

"Old Gold" Chocolates

12
luscious varieties
in every ½ lb. box

Two deep layers ... twenty-three mouth-watering chocolates ... twelve different, exciting kinds ... that's the half-pound box of "OLD GOLD" Chocolates.

Here is wonderful value. Every variety a very special taste thrill. Every one lavishly coated with the smoothest, richest chocolate of all— "OLD GOLD". So always ask for "OLD GOLD" Chocolates.



Chocolate is a Food... nourishing and sustaining. MacRobertson's Chocolate is rich in tissue-building proteins and particularly high in essential energizing food elements.



"Snack"... the only chocolate block with these four exciting centres.

Luscious Cream Caramel... Strawberry Cream... Turkish Delight... and Fruit Sundae. Four exciting centres in every block.



made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery



A Good Investment!



Mr. W's state of health was such that he was told that he would never be able to work again and this worried him very much. For one thing, it meant retiring on a reduced pension. Then a friend advised him to take Phyllosan tablets, and "thanks to the benefit derived from wonderful Phyllosan" he was soon fit to go back to work, and continued at work until he reached the age at which he became entitled to retire on a full pension. He calls Phyllosan tablets "little marvels" and "will never be without them now." Are you taking Phyllosan? If not, get a bottle of Phyllosan tablets from your chemist and start to-day!

You, too, should take PHYLOSAN

To invigorate your system, improve your circulation, strengthen your nerves, and increase your energy.

Price 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity)

FIRST AID for eye troubles



SMARTING AND INFLAMMATION
STYES ENCAUSTED LASHES

Many kinds of irritation can attack tired eyes. Prompt treatment with OPTREX can usually avert something worse. But remember—at the first sign of serious trouble, professional advice should be sought.

Optrex the eye lotion

OPTREX LTD., Middlesex, England, Q.12.4

KIDNEYS MUST CLEAN OUT ACIDS

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate kidney tubes or filters. If poisons in the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from interrupted sleep, nervousness, leg pains, cramps under eyes, backache, aching joints or acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex.

Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Bristol) today. The Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



F5171.—Evening gown styled with off-the-shoulder neckline and full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5172.—Practical one-piece maternity frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5173.—Boy's suit with long trousers. Requires 21yds. 36in. material. Sizes 4yrs. length 33in.; 6yrs. length 37in.; 8yrs. length 41in. Price 1/8.

F5174.—Small girl's tailored coat. Requires 11yds. 54in. material. Sizes 4yrs. 20in. length; 6yrs. 23in. length; 8yrs. 27in. length. Price 1/8.

F5175.—Classic one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. material for bow. Price 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.



No. 1040.—LAYETTE FOR BABY

Dainty pattern traced on fine cream woolen mixture, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The layette can also be obtained in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-pink, or blue.

PRICES: Pitchers, 3/3 (1 coupon). Postage, 4/1d. extra. Petticoat, 6/11 (1 coupon). Postage, 4/1d. extra. Frock, 13/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra. Nightgown, 14/6 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra. Coat, 14/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra. Jacket, 6/11 (1 coupon). Postage, 4/1d. extra. Complete set, £2/18/3 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/3/4 extra.

No. 1041.—LITTLE GIRL'S PLEATED SKIRT

Pretty pleated skirt for toddlers in cream, pale blue, or pale pink wool

mixture. The pattern is clearly traced on the material ready to cut out and machine.

SIZES: Length from shoulder, 16in., 1 year, 5/11 (1 coupon). Postage, 6/1d. extra. 18in., 2 years, 6/6 (1 coupon). Postage, 6/1d. extra. 20in., 3 years, 6/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra.

No. 1042.—GIRL'S PLEATED SKIRT

Useful skirt to wear with sweaters on wintry days. The pattern is clearly traced on good quality Cesorella in grey, light brown, or sage-blue, ready to cut out and machine.

SIZES: Length from shoulder, 31in., 6 years, 8/3 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra. 27in., 8 years, 8/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra. 31in., 10 years, 9/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 6/1d. extra.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1040, 1041, and 1042, please make second color choice to avoid disappointment.



If Your SKIN CAN'T STAND WINTER WEATHER!

YOU can keep your skin in lovely condition, clearing away the red, rough, sore patches, by rubbing in a little Zam-Buk each night.

Zam-Buk is a rich triple-action emollient—soothing, antiseptic, and quick-healing. Completely absorbed by the pores, its six active medicaments get right into the skin, giving speedier and more effective treatment.

CHAPPED HANDS & CHILBLAINS
Zam-Buk soothes away the fiery pain, heals the cracked, broken skin, and makes the hands lovely and soft again.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS. Highly antiseptic, Zam-Buk prevents festering. It is remarkably soothing, and ensures quick, clean healing.

Never be without

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment

Piles Sufferers. Zam-Buk Ointment is equally successful in the treatment of External Piles. For INTERNAL Piles the soothing, healing Zam-Buk Suppositories are recommended.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

Harry's Got Another Cold!

People who catch colds easily should take BACTULES, which give immunity for 3 months or more. Your protection from infection... BACTULES. All chemists, or Box 3725 G.P.O., Sydney.



ANNOUNCING—the Perfect

Baby Rusks. *Gilseal*

SCIENTIFICALLY PREPARED. RICH IN BODY BUILDING B VITAMINS & VITAMIN E
PROTEINS, CARBOHYDRATES
AND CALCIUM



Mothers! Here at last are the ideal Baby Rusks. Babies love them for their smooth rich flavour.

No hard pieces—no crumbs to irritate—they are baked to a uniform hardness that tests have proved to be the best for baby.

They're "finger shaped," so easy for baby to hold.

"Gilseal" Baby Rusks will give your baby an extra help to health and strength because of their high content of Cerevite Meal which is rich in Vitamins "B" and "E" and in addition contains 30% Protein and 15% Soluble Carbohydrate.

The Calcium content so necessary for building healthy bone and teeth is provided for by the inclusion of milk in their manufacture.

They are scientifically prepared and retain their nutritive qualities indefinitely.

To protect and ensure freshness they are packed in moisture-proof bags and cartoned for extra protection.

Obtainable from your

GUILD CHEMIST

There are 3,000 Guild Chemist shops throughout the Commonwealth; they are in every City, Suburb and Country town in Australia.

Every Guild Chemist is a fully qualified master pharmacist, skilled in the scientific dispensing of prescriptions.

Guild Chemists are also "family" chemists, who will freely give you sound guidance founded on the highest possible standard of pharmaceutical training and professional knowledge.

Inserted by

THE MERCHANDISING DIVISION OF THE FEDERATED PHARMACEUTICAL SERVICE GUILD OF AUSTRALIA

1/- PER CARTON—24 RUSKS

LOOK FOR THIS WINDOW SIGN—



Your guarantee of efficient service & quality merchandise